

The Sketch

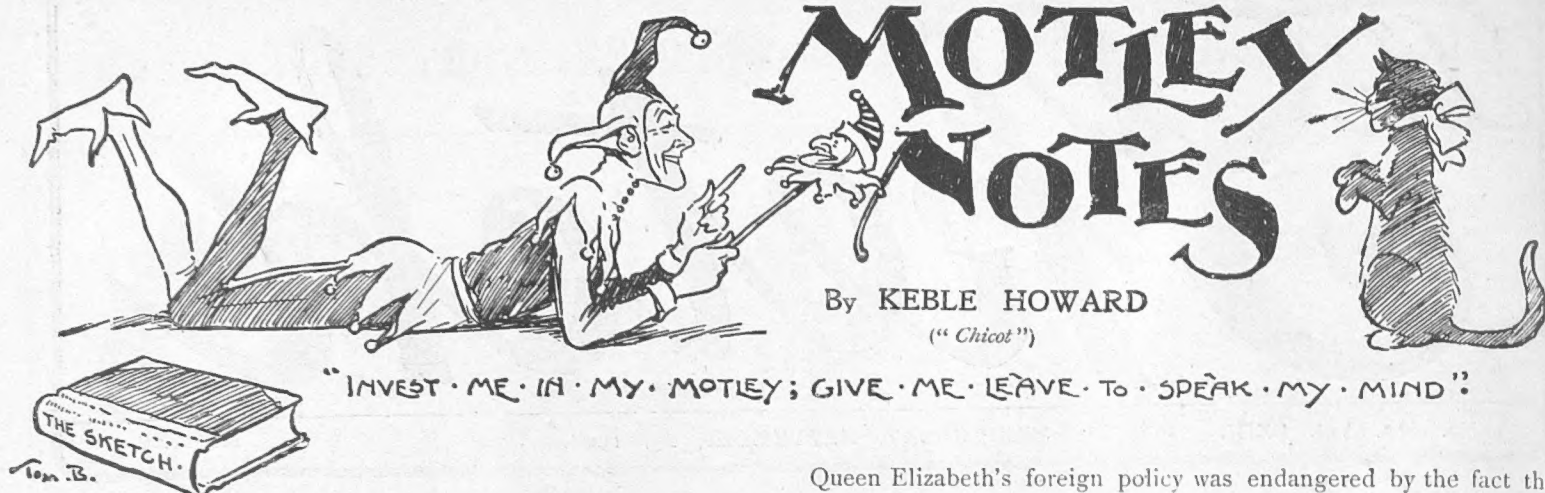
No. 817.—Vol. LXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



IN MID CAREER—AND AIR: A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF A PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(With Acknowledgments to the "Referee.")

HAS BEEN.—(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) Don't know.

MILLICENT.—How can you be so perfectly idiotic?

PERCY L. FISH.—Seymour Hicks was born in 1871, you know.

ENQUIRER (Hendon).—(1) Yes, his beard was red.
(2) 10, Adelphi Terrace.

CONSTANT READER (Skegness).—Of course, if you say so, we must believe you.

MILLICENT'S BROTHER.—We believe she has one son and one daughter. What about it?

LESLIE.—(1) See answer to "Percy L. Fish." (2) Betty.
(3) Much too funny to publish (perhaps).

REFERENDUM.—(1) Don't know. (2) Can't find out. (3) Haven't the least idea. (4) Yes?

HYSTERICAL HICKITE.—Why not write to him direct? You will find him all haffability—no 'arm.

BILL.—(1) Mr. Bernard Shaw lives at 10, Adelphi Terrace.
(2) Yes, you will find him in at lunch-time.

MILLICENT'S MOTHER.—(1) Why not try the Green-Room Club, Leicester Square? (2) Yes, a charming set of fellows.

MARIE C.—Mr. Hall Caine's permanent address is Greeba Castle, Isle of Man. Send postal order with request for autograph.

H. B. T.—(1) Mr. Arthur Bouchier. (2) Don't know.
(3) Doing fine business on tour, we hear. (4) Yes, very clever.W. CHURCHILL.—(1) Yes, you are younger than Seymour Hicks. Congratulations. See reply to "Percy L. Fish" and others.
(2) Thanks awfully.

PUZZLED (Bayswater).—(1) Possibly. (2) Don't know. (3) You say nothing about Seymour Hicks! (4) Shouldn't tell you if we knew.

GEORGE MEREDITH JONES.—(1) You can clean up old playbills with salts of lemon. (2) Don't know. (3) Fancy! Did your Auntie really say that?

YELLOW FELLOW.—(1) See answer to "Percy L. Fish" and others. (2) Yes, a droll covey. (3) There are eleven companies of "The Gay Gordons" on tour. (4) Not quite sure, but the sooner the better, eh?

BACK NUMBER.—You had better write to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, W. Mark your letter "Personal—Golden Dome."

ELSIE AND A FEW CHUMS.—Difficult to say offhand, but we do not fancy that Miss Betty Hicks is actually playing in "The Gay Gordons" on tour. She may join the South Co. later.

CLEVER.—(1) Miss Studholme was born in 1875. This makes her about thirty-three. (2) Miss Marie Lloyd was born five years earlier. (3) Bless you, they don't mind a bit.

NIMBLE LAD.—(1) C. B. Fry. (2) Yes, a devil of a jump.
(3) He might jump further if he tried, but we scarcely think he has the time. (4) We have not heard of another novel yet from his agile pen.

MOLLY, DOLLY, AND A FEW REAL PALS.—(1) There will be a voice trial on Wednesday and another on Friday. (2) Mr. Harold Samuel. (3) No necessity to be frightened, we assure you. (4) Yes, take your lunch.

P. S.—(1) See answer to "Hysterical Hickite." (2) How absurd! (3) Yes? (4) Certainly not. (5) Thanks. (6) No thanks. (7) On Monday. (8) Don't know. (9) So they say. (10) Love to all. (11) G. B. S. (12) Oh, go to the—Clerk in Charge.

VERY ANXIOUS.—You are altogether unreasonable, and we shall not hit back by publishing your letter. VANOC never said that

Queen Elizabeth's foreign policy was endangered by the fact that she ate onions to her supper. What he *did* say was that occasional domestic indiscretions may have unsettled certain Ambassadorial conferences. A very different thing, as you will admit when you are calmer.

AT A TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Scene—The Two-Shilling Stand.

MATRONLY VOICE. It's time you went down now, dearest, and gave somebody else a turn.

GIRLISH VOICE. Can't I just see the finish of this set? I'm so frightfully—

MATRONLY VOICE. No, you selfish little thing! Think of poor Anne standing out in the hot sun all this time and not seeing a thing!

GIRLISH VOICE. It is beastly rot.

MATRONLY VOICE. Next year, you don't come at all, Miss!

SOMERVILLE HALL VOICE. Isn't Fielding a dear! I think he realises my ideal of a man! Those undercuts are simply too tophole for words!

MALE UNCOMPANIONABLE VOICE. Bit sidey, isn't he?

SOMERVILLE HALL VOICE. Not a bit! Just the reverse! You'd never think he was a lion! He refuses invitations all round! He's the last man in the world you could call sidey!

MALE UNCOMPANIONABLE VOICE. After all, you know, he hasn't anything so very much to be sidey about.

SOMERVILLE HALL VOICE. No? Merely runner-up in the S.N.E. of England Lawn-Tennis Championships—that's *all*!

FIRST CRITICAL FEMALE VOICE. What seems to me so ridiculous is that people should pay all this money for a seat in the Grand Stand and then simply never look at the tennis!

SECOND CRITICAL FEMALE VOICE. Too ridiculous! Look at that tall, gawky woman in green talking to the man in spectacles. I ask you, what *can* she know about lawn-tennis?FIRST CRITICAL FEMALE VOICE. My dear, I've been watching her for the last hour. I assure you, she hasn't even *glanced* at the courts.SECOND CRITICAL FEMALE VOICE. I know. It's too disgusting. And so *frightfully* insulting to the players!

HARDY OLD SPORTSMAN VOICE. Pat-ball—that's what I call it.

FLAPPER VOICE. They have to be awfully fit, you know, dad.

HARDY OLD SPORTSMAN VOICE. Fit? Bosh! They spend half the time sipping lemonade, or some such muck, and the other half mopping themselves with towels. A set of ninnies!

FLAPPER VOICE. I suppose lawn-tennis wasn't invented in the early 'fifties?

SEVERAL VOICES. He! He! He!

REEDY TENOR VOICE. I think, if I may say so, that the floral devices last year left a good deal to be desired. Oh, bravo, indeed, Sir!

EARNEST HELPER VOICE. *Can* you wonder? *Think* of the people on the Executive Committee! How could you possibly *expect* any taste or originality? I said so all along, but nobody took the least notice.

REEDY TENOR VOICE. These things require to be handled with infinite tact—infinite tact! Oh, good again, Sir! Good again!

EARNEST HELPER VOICE. Of course; but you must be firm—you especially.

REEDY TENOR VOICE. Yes, yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS NEWSMAN: SEEN BY THE CAMERA.



THE FLYING MAN WHO FELL SEVENTY-FIVE FEET: MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT, BROTHER OF MR. WILBUR WRIGHT.

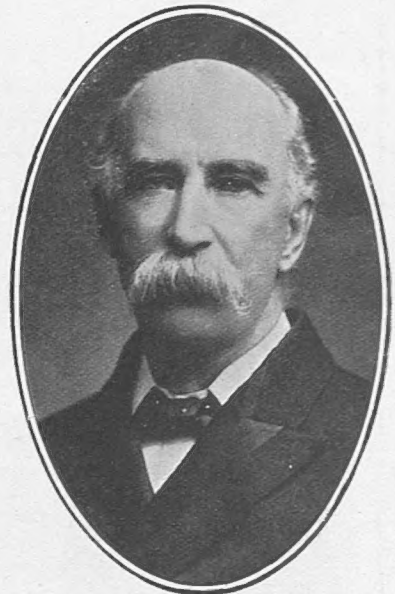
Mr. Orville Wright, one of the famous Brothers Wright, was in the air on his aeroplane, with Lieut. Selfridge, of the American army, as a passenger, when the right propeller snapped, and the machine fell 75 feet to the ground. The Lieutenant was fatally injured, and Mr. Wright suffered a broken leg, fractured ribs, and internal injuries.



YOUR GARDEN AS IT MAY BE IN THE NEAR FUTURE: THE WRECK OF THE PARSEVAL AIRSHIP IN A BERLIN GARDEN.

The German Emperor and Empress waited in vain for the arrival of the Parseval airship at the Bornstedter Feld, near Potsdam, for the machine came to grief and to earth in the garden of a villa, upon whose roof it fell, in the Trabenerstrasse. The crew escaped uninjured. The breaking of one of the planes used to steady the airship caused the disaster. The Kaiser was most sympathetic with regard to the matter, and much interested in the cause of the mishap.

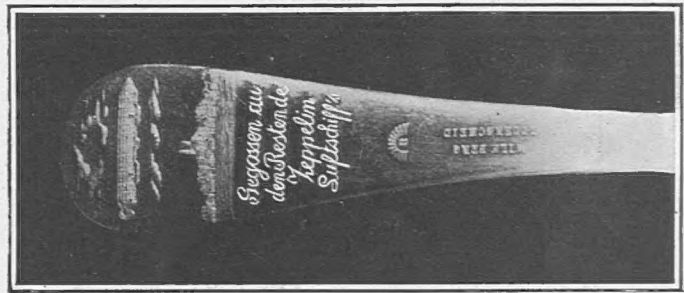
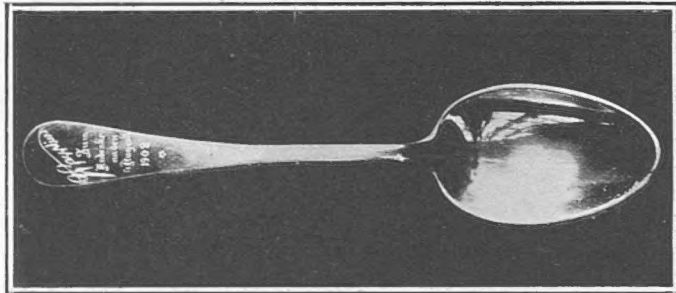
Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE SUICIDE OF THE HUSBAND OF THE VICTIM OF THE IGHTHAM TRAGEDY: MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. LUARD.

The unfortunate Major-General, beside himself with worry, committed suicide last week by throwing himself in front of a train. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity," and the coroner deprecated the many "libellous and baseless and unfounded insinuations" that had been made.

Photograph by Russell.



CURIOUS SOUVENIRS OF AN AIR-SHIP DISASTER: SPOONS MADE FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN BALLOON.

The spoons are made of the wrecked aluminium framework of the Zeppelin air-ship, and are finding a ready sale. [Photographs by Bolak]



WOMAN AND THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR: Mlle. PÉLLETIER GOING ABOARD THE DELAGRANGÉ AEROPLANE.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE STATUE PROFESSOR CHURTON COLLINS WAS TO HAVE UNVEILED: THE LICHFIELD MEMORIAL TO BOSWELL.

Photograph by G. P. U.



THE LATEST PARIS FASHION: THE SHAWL-OVER-THE-SHOULDER GOWN THAT MAY BECOME POPULAR.

Photograph by Park.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' PHILLIPS BLED!



1. A SUFFRAGETTE WITH A BUNCH OF THE WHITE HEATHER THAT WAS SO POPULAR.
2. MRS. DRUMMOND WAXES ENTHUSIASTIC AND DANCES A HIGHLAND FLING.
3. MISS MARY PHILLIPS, THE SCOTTISH HEROINE OF THE DEMONSTRATION, RUNS OUT OF PRISON.

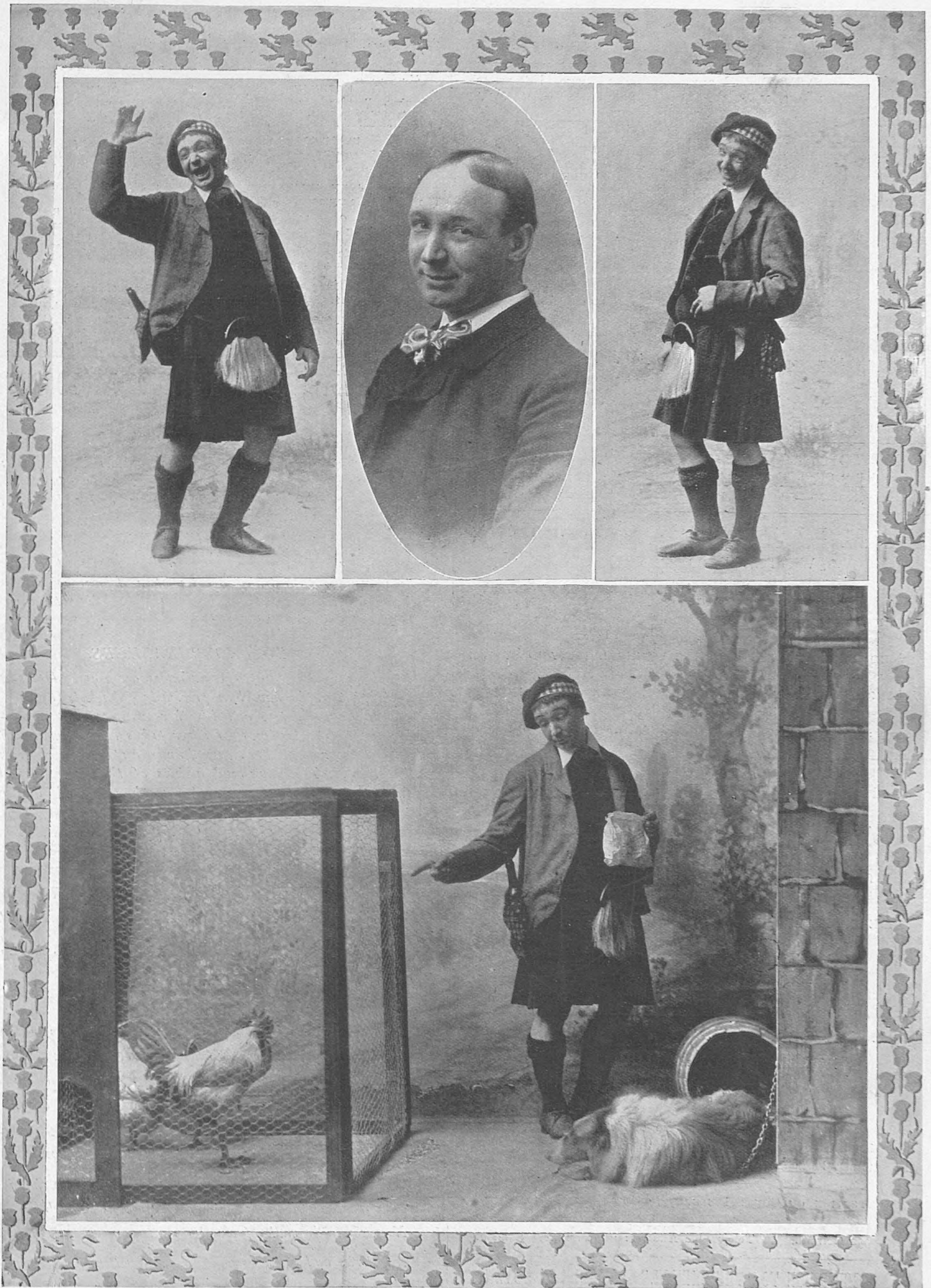
4. GIRL HIGHLANDERS WAITING FOR MISS PHILLIPS OUTSIDE HOLLOWAY GAOL.
5. GIVING A REALLY SCOTTISH TOUCH TO MISS PHILLIPS, THE RELEASED SUFFRAGETTE.

6. MISS PHILLIPS IN A HEATHER-DECORATED CARRIAGE DRAWN BY SUFFRAGETTES.

THE SUFFRAGETTES WHO CALL MR. ASQUITH "LADDIE": THE RELEASE OF MISS PHILLIPS.

A Scottish welcome was given to Miss Mary Phillips (who was one of the Suffragettes sent to prison in June for participating in the Parliament Square demonstration) when she was released from Holloway Gaol last week. Her sisters in the cause desired to remind her of her native heath, and did their utmost to do so. While they were waiting for her, pipers played "Oh, lassie, how we lang tae see ye," and when she came running from the prison, "Scots wha hae." Then a tartan plaid was placed over her shoulder, she mounted a carriage decorated with white heather, and was drawn along by a team of twelve ladies wearing Glengarry caps and tartan plaids. One of the banners carried in the procession read: "To Mr. Asquith. Ye Mauna Tramp on the Scotch Thistle, Laddie."—[Photographs by Halfones.]

HARRY LAUDER THE SECOND: MR. ALICK LAUDER.



MR. ALICK LAUDER, BROTHER OF MR. HARRY LAUDER, IN HIS SKETCH, "THE CHRISTENING."

Mr. Alick Lauder made his first appearance on the London stage recently, and when his more famous brother was commanded to appear before the King at Rufford Abbey, took his place at the Tivoli. His manner is not unlike that of Mr. Harry Lauder, and it is understood that he is booked until 1913. Our photographs, with one exception, show him in "The Christening"; in the exception he is shown as he is in ordinary life.

Photographs by Dunlop.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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Frank Curzon's New Production, THE EARLY WORM.
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GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.

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Wellington (Stanford); Die Walküre (Wagner), &c., &c.

Mesdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood, Hare, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett,
Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin,
Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler.
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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

SMITH, ELDER.
Diana Mallory. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
HEINEMANN.
The Man Who Lived. Deryll Tucker. 6s.
EVELEIGH NASH.
John Silence. Algernon Blackwood. 6s.
By Faith Alone. René Bazin. 6s.
The Making of Carlyle. R. S. Craig.
10s. 6d. net.
METHUEN.
Interplay. Beatrice Harraden. 6s.
A Daughter of France. Constance Eliza-
beth Maud. 6s.
BLACKWOOD.
Reality. Margaret Paterson. 6s.
Drake: An English Epic. Alfred Noyes.
6s. net.
JOHN MILNE.
The Broken Honeymoon. Edwin Pugh. 6s.
CASSELL.
The Amethyst Cross. Fergus Hume. 6s.
Mad Barbara. Warwick Deeping. 6s.
Women of All Nations. Edited by T. Athol
Joyce, M.A., and N. W. Thomas, M.A.
15s. net.
JOHN LANE.
John the Baptist. Hermann Sudermann.
5s. net.
Orthodoxy. G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net.
Living Masters of Music: Richard
Strauss. Ernest Newman. 2s. 6d. net.

FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.
Where the Apple Reddens. Arthur James.
6s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
A Child's Garden of Verses. R. L. Steven-
son. Illustrated by Millicent Sowerby.
5s. net.
Margery Redford and Her Friends. Mrs.
M. H. Spielmann. 5s. net.
The Galleon of Torbay. E. E. Speaight.
6s.
GRANT RICHARDS.
Some Threepenny Bits. G. W. E. Russell.
3s. 6d. net.
Evolution in Italian Art. Grant Allen.
10s. 6d. net.
The Courtship of Miles Standish. Henry
W. Longfellow. Illustrated by Howard
Chandler Christy. 7s. 6d. net.
Evangeline. Henry W. Longfellow. Illus-
trated by Howard Chandler Christy.
7s. 6d. net.
T. FISHER UNWIN.
Seven Splendid Sinners. W. R. H. Trow-
bridge. 15s. net.
F. C. G.'s Froissart, 1903 - 1906.
F. Carruthers Gould. 3s. 6d.
HUTCHINSON.
The Story of My Life. Ellen Terry. 6s. net.
JOHN LONG.
The Down Express. G. W. Appleton. 6s.
Love's Fool. Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s.
The Nine Points. Ethel Duff-Fyfe. 6s.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.**TO ARTISTS.**

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general
articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
(a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made
to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written
carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print
must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,
buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.
Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected
contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not
accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,
paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK



THE AMERICAN
SOCIETY LEADER
WHO OBJECTS TO "CIRCUS
METHODS" OF ACHIEVING
NOTORIETY: MRS. W. ASTOR.

Mrs. William Astor, for over a generation undisputed leader of New York Society, is abdicating. She has published a remarkable letter in which she deprecates "the circus methods of achieving notoriety adopted by ladies of the so-called smart set."

Photograph by Alsmann and Co.

and costly entertainments which have become such a feature in New York and Newport. She particularly objects also to what she significantly calls "notoriety-hunting," her ideal being the old French salon, where brains counted for so much more than money.

MRS. William Astor, who has been flustering the social doves of America by her very frank criticism of New York society, ought to know what she is talking about, for she has been for many years the acknowledged head of the Four Hundred. This remarkable woman comes of the oldest Dutch stock in the States. Her beauty as a young woman made a great sensation in Paris, and she was painted by Carolus Duran, wearing the stately, rather mediæval-looking dress which she has always affected when giving a reception. Mrs. Astor has a great horror of the showy

nose, and a very firm, determined chin. Personally, he is extremely popular among his many friends, and he is quite without that almost morbid vanity which so frequently handicaps the successful novelist. When Miss Evelyn Millard decides that "Idols" has run its course, which is not at all likely to be for a considerable time, she will produce a new comedy by Mr. Hichens, a work not adapted from one of the writer's novels, but original.

An American Princess.

Princess Hatzfeldt has had a very romantic history; she began life as the beautiful Miss Huntingdon, niece and adopted daughter of perhaps the wealthiest of American railway kings. Her father's immense fortune was the subject of the most costly law-suit ever fought in the States, but the charming lady won it, and she is probably the richest of the many beautiful American women who have married European noblemen. Both Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt are very fond of England, and they live here most of the year, having been for some years tenants of Lord Cowley at Draycott Park, near Chippenham, where the hospitable couple delight in entertaining large house-parties.



THE AMERICAN PRINCESS
WHO HAS

BROUGHT A CARLSBAD CURE TO
LONDON: PRINCESS HATZFELDT.

The Princess has just given to the London Hospital a set of appliances that will enable the Carlsbad hot-air cure for rheumatism and gout to be practised at that institution. The offer to the hospital was made by the Princess through the King.

Photograph by Lafayette.



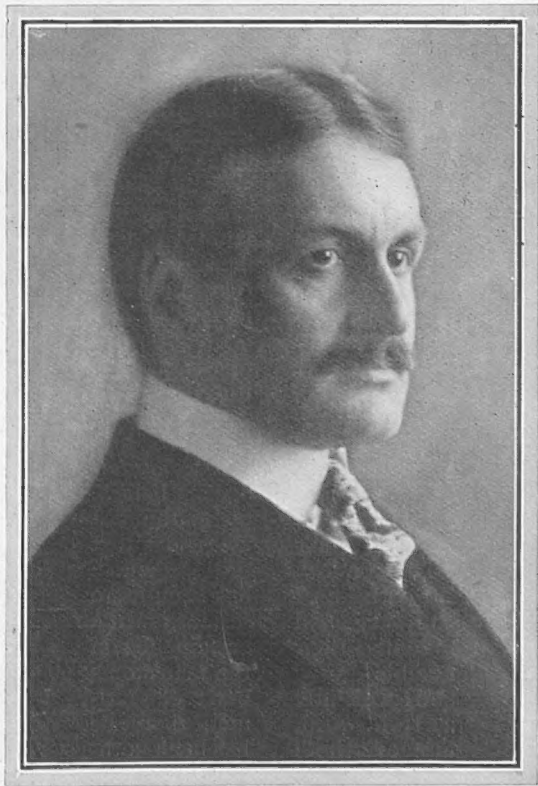
AUTHOR OF "THE HORSE IN HISTORY":
MR. BASIL TOZER.

knowing. Sprung from the Roman Catholic branch of the old Devonshire family of Tozer, he went as a boy to Beaumont. He was early "entered" to hounds, and also to the chase of the stag, and his merry face and cheerful talk rejoice the hearts of his numerous friends, both sporting and non-sporting. Not long ago, he wrote a vigorous little book called "The Irony of Marriage," which sold like hot cakes. He is the happy husband of that charming and accomplished violinist, Mme. Beatrice Langley, and they have some handsome children.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

Mr. Hichens, whose new story, "A Spirit in Prison," has been eagerly awaited by thousands of readers, is regarded by many people as the greatest living master of romantico-realistic fiction. The son of a country parson, he was at Clifton under the strenuous rule of Dr. Percival, and then, resolving to make music his career, studied at the Royal College of Music. Through song-writing, however, he passed to journalism, and then to fiction, his true métier. Of medium height, with a well-set, athletic frame—he has been a pupil of Sandow—Mr. Hichens has bright brown eyes, brown hair, a somewhat aquiline

Mr. Basil Tozer, who has just produced, under the title, "The Horse in History," a most delightful book on the horse, is one of the most popular men who ever rode to hounds. What he does not know about sport of all kinds is not worth



WRITER OF A NEW COMEDY FOR MISS EVELYN MILLARD: MR. ROBERT HICHENS, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, WHOSE NEW STORY, "A SPIRIT IN PRISON," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by C. P. Small.



RETURNED FROM THE HEART OF UNKNOWN
TIBET: DR. SVEN HEDIN.

Photograph by Thomson.

See, the Conquering Hero Comes.

There are gay times coming for Dr. Sven Hedin upon his return to civilisation after weary days afield. There is an interesting time, too, awaiting those who look for the results of his two years away. He has told us already that he has learned more this time of certain aspects of Asian life than all his other travels put together afforded him. It was such a reception to another man as that to which he may look forward that first fired the imagination of Sven Hedin. He saw Nordenskjöld's triumphant entry into Stockholm after his successful attempt upon the North-East passage, and the sight set the young man's fancy blazing: he, too, must travel and triumph. And he has been doing so, more or less, ever since. On the way to fame he put in a term as tutor in stormy Baku, and, being laid aside by illness, gave his time to the mastery of Russian and Tartar, with such good effect that he was able, the other year, to converse with the Tsar in the tongue of his Majesty's country. He is a fine linguist, he has the instinct of the scientist, but, best of all, he has that elixir in the blood which sends men map-making wherever a pathway remains to be discovered.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Mongele).

THE MANIA FOR MELODRAMA—"THE HOUSE OF PIERRE."

THE sudden pause in theatrical life caused by the postponement of the Drury Lane drama induces the weekly writer to look back at the September crop of novelties, concerning which it is not quite easy to be enthusiastic, for I notice that it has been composed almost exclusively of melodramas, several of them imported from abroad. Against this may be set a native musical comedy, a couple of home-made farces, and Mr. Barrie's play. Perhaps someone will suggest that the new adaptation of the great German drama ought not to be classified as melodrama. I notice that one of the Sunday papers, which claims to have exceptional influence in the theatre world, is quite glad, for the revival of "The Duke's Motto" corresponds, it believes, "with a change in public taste, a change which portends no ill, but only good, to the stage." What a splendid thing for the English stage to find a longing in playgoers for good old, crusted French melodramas. Surely no one can take a gloomy view of the British theatre if the taste for melodrama and for robustious acting is reviving. What a terrible quantity of ink has vainly been spent by people foolish enough to endeavour to encourage our native dramatists and the intellectual drama! Let us be thankful that we are returning to the good old days, when British drama consisted chiefly of pieces stolen from the French, and spoilt for the British market; let us be thankful that the evil influence of the Ibsenite movement, of the pernicious "W. A.," of the Stage Society, of the iconoclastic "G. B. S.," and of the Vedrenne-Barker management is passing away. Once more the sun shines brightly, and the skies are blue, and the miasma bred in gloomy Norway has been dissipated. Hurrah for "The Duke's Motto" and "The Corsican Brothers"! What a pity that Mr. Barrie is so insensible to the modern movement, is such a flagrant reactionary as to have spoilt this glad, mad spell of British "imported" drama by that comedy of his, "What Every Woman Knows," which actually reeks with human nature, delicate sentiment, and fine humour, and is as ill suited to robustious acting, for which the critic already mentioned longs, as is Berlioz' "Danse des Sylphes" to performance on a barrel-organ, or one of M. Helleu's drawings to transcription by a pavement artist.

These remarks are not really meant in disparagement of "The Duke's Motto" or "The Corsican Brothers," both very good things in their humble way and excellently acted, and, moreover, both enjoying great favour; but it is difficult to keep quite silent when it is suggested that it is good for the public

to be longing for this kind of drama. I am not merely taking the Chauvinist view and hoping that, if we are to have fustian, we shall have native fustian, but protesting against the suggestion by a critic that the public would not welcome anything else: for such a suggestion is likely to influence the minds of managers. To me it seems that the dramatic critics should at least pretend to be on the side of the angels, and do nothing to cause managers to think that the public is craving for merely mechanical drama. Moreover, I doubt whether the writer to whom I refer is right in saying, "Ninety-nine people in a hundred, wise and simple alike, can relish a good melodrama well acted, and the hundredth who cannot endure it may be safely left out of consideration altogether by managers." One may well ask what knowledge a person who can write like this has concerning the taste of "the wise". In most aspects of life the taste of the multitude is for the crude and simple: this is no reason for suggesting that the desires of the minority should be left uncared for. In matters of art the views of the minority may sometimes be wrong; the views of the majority are rarely right. Perhaps the simple answer is that some think we ought to dismiss from our minds the idea that "art" is a correct word to use in relation to theatrical matters, and that the writer of whom I complain does not profess to regard the theatre as anything but a place of commercial entertainment, or wish it to be better.

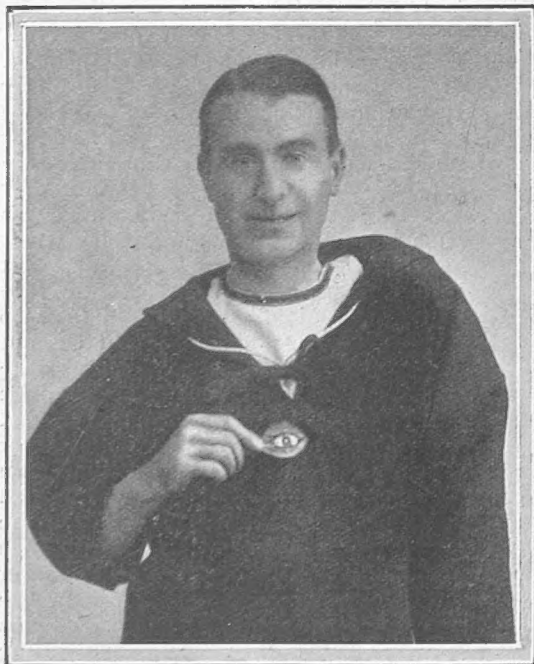
Mr. Martin Harvey's laudable desire to encourage the curtain-raiser has manifested itself for the second time; but, unfortunately, "The House of Pierre," by Julie Opp Faversham and Kate Jordan, is not so worthy as the little piece with which he began his season. The subject of the woman who sacrifices her honour to save a man she loves is one which has from time immemorial been associated with strong scenes; but in this case both authors and players seem to have mistaken crude violence for strength, and much noise for deep emotion. The woman in "The House of Pierre" is the wife of a French miner who has been blinded and reduced to starvation by an explosion, and her sacrifice is that she goes to the



THE WEDDING OF MISS MARIE BREMA'S DAUGHTER, MISS TITA BRAND, WHO HAS MARRIED M. EMIL CAMMAERTS.

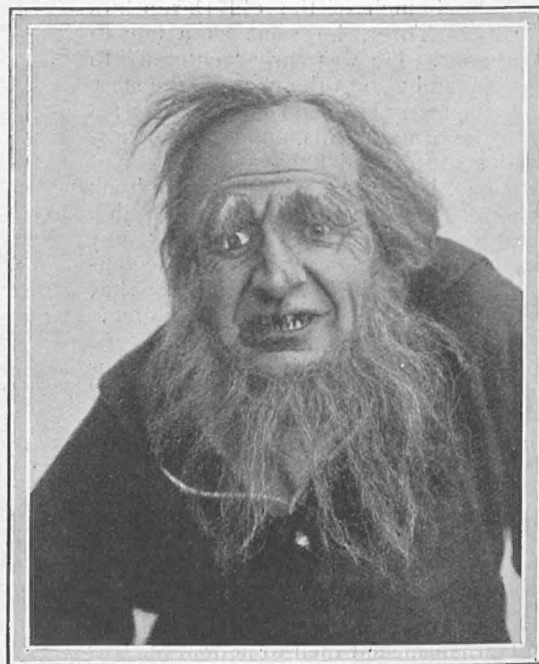
Miss Brand is well known as an elocutionist and actress, and gained her earliest professional knowledge when she went with her mother, Miss Marie Brema, to Bayreuth, in 1894, '96, and '97. She made her first appearance in June 1901. M. Cammaerts is author of a new version of "Tristan and Iseult." The wedding took place last week.—[Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.]

café of the neighbouring town, wheedles money out of men, and on returning home pretends that it is the proceeds of the sale of wood-carving and lace. The husband and the whole audience believe up to the last moment that the sacrifice has been more serious, and the curtain falls on the man's outburst of gratitude that she has been faithful throughout. Mr. Harvey and Miss N. de Silva worked hard, but did not succeed in putting much life into the piece.



HOW DICK DEAD EYE'S DEAD EYE IS PRODUCED: MR. H. A. LYTTON WITH THE FALSE EYE HE WEARS MONOCLE FASHION.

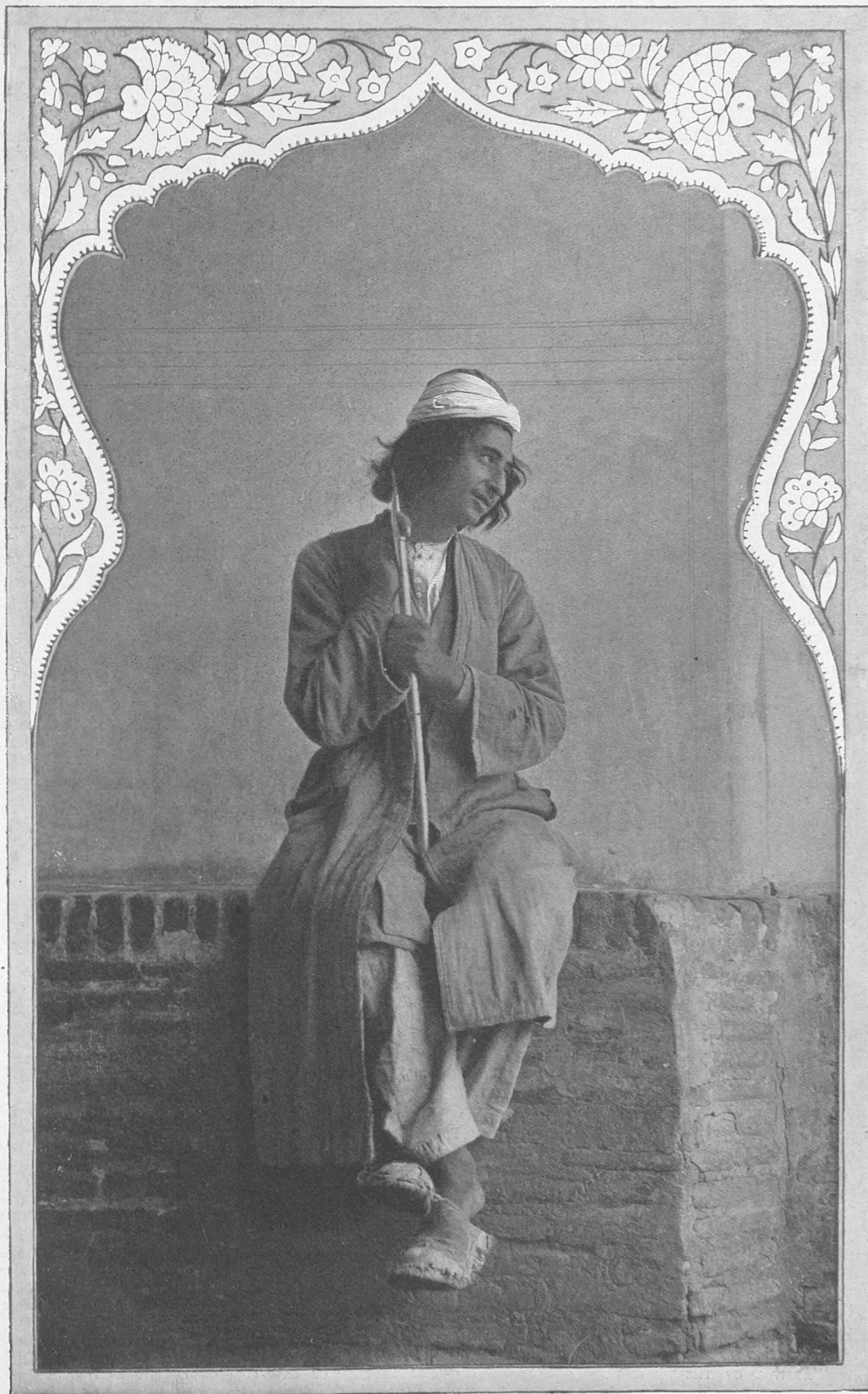
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



HOW DICK DEAD EYE'S DEAD EYE IS PRODUCED: MR. H. A. LYTTON WEARING THE FALSE EYE AS DICK DEAD EYE IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

A HARMONY IN PERSIA.



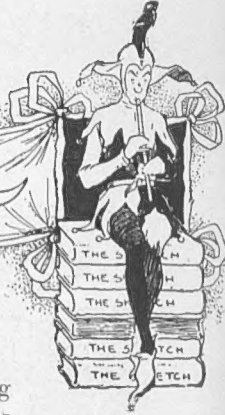
"A POET SOARING IN THE HIGH REASON OF HIS FANCIES": A PERSIAN VERSE-MAKER.

Photograph by Cortellemont.



THE CLUBMAN

"CIRCUS METHODS" AND THE FOUR HUNDRED—THE "SMART SETS" OF ALL COUNTRIES—
FRENCH, AUSTRIANS, AND HUNGARIANS.



MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, the acknowledged leader of New York society, has laid down the sceptre she has carried so long, and has delivered a severe homily to the ladies of America's "smart set." I take it that almost every country has its "smart set," and it may be patriotism, but I the sceptre she has carried so long, and has delivered a severe homily to the ladies of America's "smart set." I take it that almost every country has its "smart set," and it may be patriotism, but I

of-paradise do less harm and more good than those of any other nation. Most of the leaders of our most rapid circle have a very sober side to their natures, as well as an extravagant one. They may race and gamble and scurry from foreign spa to spa and from shoot to shoot at home; but it is an exception to find a man amongst them who is not a good landlord, or a woman who is not interested in charities. The Americans who are millionaires are not anchored to old properties, and there is none of that feudal spirit in America which is still to be found in our country villages. An Englishman or Englishwoman of position has on his or her estates hundreds or thousands of people who look up to him or her as the head of a clan; an American millionaire employs thousands of workmen, who envy him, but in no way respect him. If the sons and daughters of an American millionaire choose to play ducks and drakes with the old man's money, they are answerable to no one. The spendthrift young Englishman always has an uncomfortable feeling that he is being regarded with disfavour by the spirits of his ancestors.

France has no smart set corresponding with our inner circle of amusement-seekers or that of New York. The Faubourg St. Germain is not a light-hearted quarter, and life at the chateaux is curiously dull. The young Frenchman of good birth will have nothing to do with politics, and looks on the members of the Chamber of Deputies as aspiring bourgeois or professional agitators, and on the Senators as elderly nuisances. The young men and young women of title are either tremendously serious or else fling their hats over the windmills. We have no set, I am glad to say, which

exactly corresponds with that band of young Frenchmen of good birth who go from seaside town to seaside town wherever the baccarat banks happen to be highest, whose lady acquaintances are entirely of the *haute cocotterie*, who are perfectly dressed, perfectly mannered, and perfectly without any moral sense.



A SNAKE-CHARMER BITTEN BY A PUFF-ADDER: OSCA, THE ARIZONAN CAVE-DWELLER AND SNAKE-CHARMER OF EARL'S COURT.

While he was giving an exhibition of snake-charming the other day, Osea, who was performing in Bostock's Jungle at the Earl's Court Exhibition, was bitten in the wrist by a puff-adder. For the moment nothing amiss was noticed, then Osea became giddy, and the tiny wound he had received was examined. The arm was bound tightly above and below the wound, a piece of the flesh was cut away, and suction was applied. At the same time a gallon or so of milk was forced down the unconscious charmer's throat. He was then taken to the hospital in a serious condition. On Thursday he was reported out of danger.

responsibilities of life seriously. If the Austrian upper classes are light-hearted, the Hungarians are even more so. Most of them live the life that the Irish gentry lived a hundred years ago. They have mortgaged their estates up to the hilt, but they behave as if they were

millionaires, going from castle to castle, spending their lives in shooting and hunting. They flock to Budapest for a month of racing and dancing whenever the Emperor takes up his abode in the great white palace on the hill across the Danube; they look on the profession of arms as the only one possible for an aristocrat, and they have a cheerful belief that something will happen to prevent them from experiencing anything so disagreeable



EVEN BETTER THAN OUR OWN MUSIC-HALL SPORTS: JUDGES AND TWO FAIR ACTRESSES AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE WINNERS OF A RACE AT A SPORTS MEETING OF CAFE-CONCERT ARTISTS IN PARIS.

as bankruptcy. I do not think that I ever heard of a Russian smart set. A Russian going the pace is a whole smart set in himself. He drinks more champagne than three ordinary men, gambles in thousands where other men lose only hundreds, and pledges an estate when an ordinary man would send a picture to an auction-room.

THE SALOME EPIDEMIC: A VERY CATCHING COMPLAINT.

(BEING OUR WONDERFULLY IMITATIVE WORLD.)



1. MISS HILDA CAROLI.

2. LA SYLPHE.

3. MISS LOTTA FAUST.

4. MISS VERA OLCOTT.

5. MISS EVA TANGUAY.

6. LA BELLE ZOLA.

A FEW OF THE MULTITUDE OF "SALOMES" NOW DANCING IN AMERICA.

There is quite a Salome epidemic in America, and there are so many dancers appearing as the daughter of Herodias that it is impossible to make more than a guess at their number. There is hardly a vaudeville house that cannot boast its own Salome, whether it be Hammerstein's Roof Garden, the Casino, the Alhambra, or a third or fourth class hall.—[Photographs 4 and 5 by W'hu.]



A GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE
IRON DUKE: LADY EVELYN JAMES.

Photograph by Lallie Charies.

disuse during the reign of Queen Victoria, who invariably bestowed the Order in private; and, indeed, the last Chapter at which she was present was on the occasion of the State visit to this country of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. A Chapter of the Order can be summoned at any time by the Sovereign, and is not necessarily held when a new Knight is instituted. The next Knight who will be admitted to the Order of the Garter will be the young King of Portugal, when he visits this country in state some time next year; but a Chapter is likely to take place before the end of the present year, when several matters of outstanding importance will be discussed by the Knights. This is one of the very rare occasions on which the Knights of the Garter appear in their full insignia without their Peers' robes, and in this respect it differs from a Coronation or the wedding of the Sovereign.

Lady Evelyn James, who may be considered to take a leading part among the hostesses of Yorkshire, is the elder daughter of the Duke of Wellington, and a great-granddaughter of the Iron Duke. Her exquisitely clear complexion and dark beauty, together with her perfectly proportioned figure, caused her to be particularly admired when she first came out. Her father, who was then Lord Arthur Wellesley, commanded a battalion of the Grenadiers, and so Lady Evelyn spent a good deal of her girlhood at Windsor. Some eight years ago her marriage took place to the Hon. Robert James, one of the younger sons of Lord Northbourne. Lady Evelyn and her husband, who have a fine little boy of four years old, live at a charming place at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Lady Westmorland. Many people believe that when the social history of the Edwardian era comes to be written, the palm for mingled beauty and charm will be assigned to Lady Westmorland. Certainly she and her sisters—Lady Warwick,

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Angela Forbes—form a group not easily paralleled in any age. She is tall and fair, with lovely blue eyes and golden hair, and was married to Lord Westmorland when she was twenty-one; she is blessed with two sons and two daughters. Lady Westmorland is fond of all outdoor pursuits, and especially salmon-fishing, while at the same time she has literary tastes and is a wonderful embroiderer.

A Fine Old English Gentleman.

Much sympathy will be felt with Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in his recent riding accident. Born the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, Sir Thomas may be considered the head of the great Buxton clan, who have spread over East Anglia and Essex, and have played

so large a part in sound and profitable banking. Sir Thomas, who is the third baronet, married, forty-six years ago, Lady Victoria Noel, aunt of the present Lord Gainsborough, and one of the Empress Frederick's bridesmaids, and they have ten sons and daughters, and twenty-four grandchildren! Sir Fowell is indeed a fine old English gentleman; in his younger days he was a keen Alpinist, and was actually the first to ascend one of the Monte Rosa peaks. He did splendid work for the Volunteers, and was a notably successful Governor of South Australia. He is also keenly interested in Church work, especially missions, but perhaps his most magnificent achievement was preserving Epping Forest for the people of London.

Mr. Churchill's Hosts. Baron and Baroness de Forest, who have been

entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill in Austria, are very well known in London society. The Baron is one of the two adopted sons of the late Baron Hirsch, who left him an enormous fortune. He was only twenty when he was created a baron by the Emperor of Austria, and he obtained a royal license to use the title in this country. He is, indeed, practically an

Englishman, and he has held a commission in the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery Militia; moreover, he married Miss Ethel Gerard, the sister of Lord Gerard, who shares her husband's enthusiasm for outdoor sports. The Baroness also has a great love of pet birds, and is very clever in training them. The Baron's town house is Spencer House, St. James's, where his wife has given splendid balls.



AN UNSTUDIED ROYAL POSE: THE ARCHDUCHESS AUGUSTA ON THE BEACH
AT ÉTRETAT.

THE "ALONE I DID IT" ATTITUDE.



THE KAISER (APPARENTLY) IN MILITANT MOOD.

Both politically and personally the Kaiser is much to the front just now. There are always the questions of his naval and military policy, and of his attitude towards world's politics in general, and at the moment a particular interest centres in him on account of a remarkable statement made to explain the fact that he did not cross the Franco-German frontier the other day as he had intended to. Briefly, the story is that at the eleventh hour he received warning that an Anarchist attack was to be made against him on French soil, the Anarchists in question choosing to work in France because, practically, the death penalty has been abolished in that country. It is said that the attempted assassination was to have been made by two men, and that the secret became known through the discovery on a rubbish-heap of a crumpled telegram and the translation of that telegram by an inquisitive Frenchman.—[Photograph by Richter.]

SECRET SIGNS THAT MAY SAVE AN ARMY: CIPHER MESSAGES BY SCOUTS.

STORY told by "The Sketch": On the range of hills *A* the enemy is entrenched with guns *B* on the right, masked by timber *C*, and gun *B* on the left. Infantry *D* are entrenched *E* in front of a village *F*, which has a square church-tower *G* and a conspicuous public building *H* to the left. Cavalry *J* are in camp *K* on the neck between the two hills. The enemy is receiving infantry reinforcements *D 1* by rail *L*, and news by telegraph *M* at the village. In front of the enemy's position there is a bay, or port *N* on our left, where a steamer *O* has been destroyed beside a shed *P*. A river *Q* enters the port from our right. The bridge *R*, forming the main approach to the village, has been destroyed, and a two-masted vessel *S* lies under water. A small British force *B J* is in action *T* fronting the village. Nearer, our scout has tried a road on the right, and drawn blank *U* because it does not lead anywhere.

At the forks of the road, six miles from the point of observation, there is a village *F*, with church spire *V*, forage *W*, horses *X*, water underground (a well) *Y*, food for men (teeth) *Z*, sheep *a*, and cattle *b*, in a barn *c*. Three and a half miles to the left of this village is encamped a British *y* force of horse, foot, and guns. But the scout has also discovered that on our extreme right the enemy have a bridge *R* and a



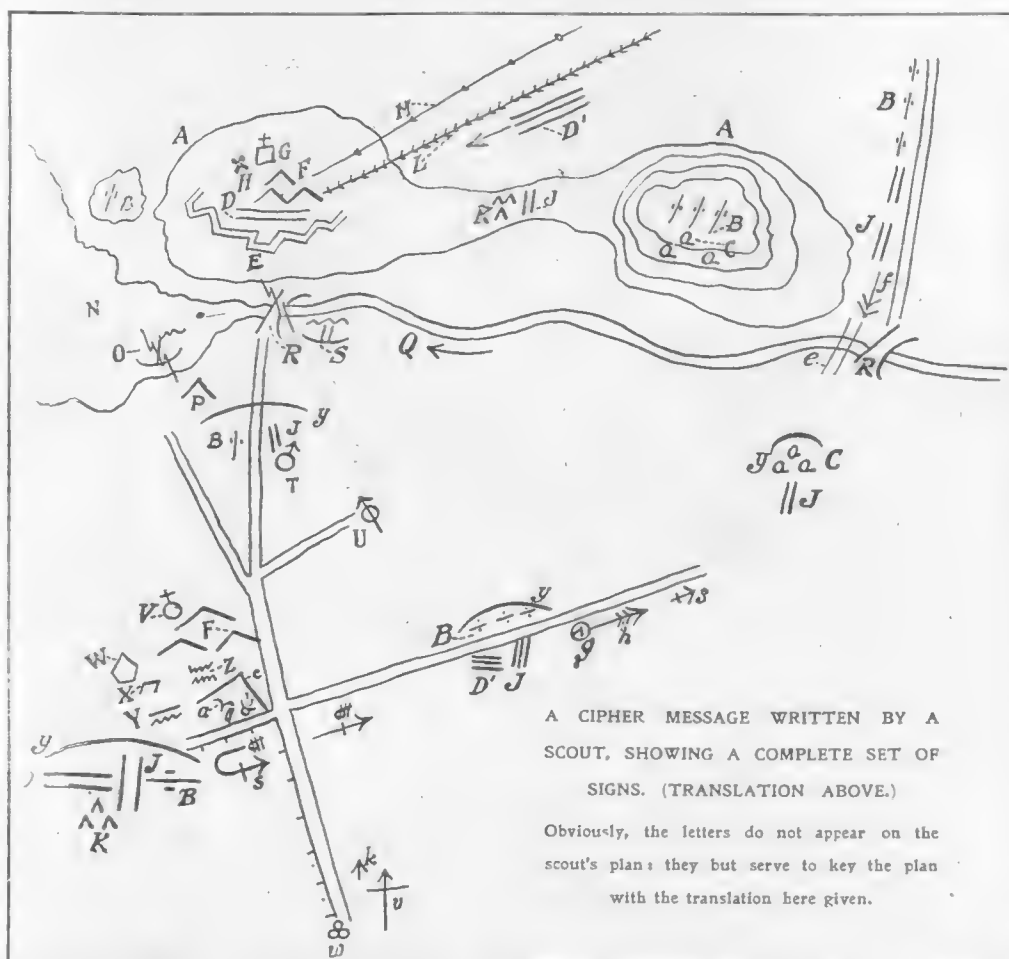
A SCOUT WRITING A MESSAGE.

ford *e* across the river, and are advancing *f* their cavalry and guns at the trot, to take our British *y* position in flank. So grave is the danger that our scout *s* has warned the British *y* force, and brought reinforcements—horse, foot, and guns—with which, at 6.40 o'clock *g*, he was travelling at high speed *h* to the right. Our scout *s* was guiding the officer commanding the reinforcements to the point where a small British cavalry patrol, under cover of timber, was menaced by the enemy's advance. This cavalry patrol does not appear to have known of the presence of a large British force some fifteen miles distant on its left.

At the foot of the sketch a little arrow-head *k* shows which way the paper is to be held, a compass bearing *v* indicates north, and three small circles *w* mark the point where the

message was deposited, from whence the distances are roughly ticked off in miles along the roadside.

It may be observed that had the scout ridden back to report to his general officer, possibly a day's march distant, he would have been unable to procure from a neighbouring column the reinforcements which are intercepting a very dangerous move on the part of the enemy. He has saved a British force from being taken in flank, but, thanks to the scout signs, he has also given full information to the officer commanding the column from which he was sent.



SCOUTS HIDING A CIPHER MESSAGE AND MARKING THE SPOT BY MEANS OF A PYRAMID OF THREE STONES.



UNEARTHING THE CIPHER MESSAGE LEFT BY SCOUTS ON THE SPOT MARKED BY A PYRAMID OF THREE STONES.

The road-signs illustrated are those invented by the Kent Troop (London Command) of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and are the common signs. They are called "common," as opposed to secret signs, though these so-called common signs may be made secret at any moment by a rearrangement of meanings; thus the sign for "cows" may mean "enemy entrenched"; the sign for "water," "fighting in progress," and so on. The completeness of the messages that can be hidden for the main body of the troops to find is indicated by the single message written above, with its meaning. Later on in this issue is an article which fully describes the system.

Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



III.—THE HALL-CAINERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Mark Tapley,
Hielandman.

Sportsmen in Scotland who have been experiencing the ill-effects of the wretched climatic conditions of the past few weeks must have been perplexed to find with what satisfaction their gillies regarded the rain-drenched scene. To a Hielandman rain is a thing of joy. When the weather is at its worst the true son of the glen will steam out into the downpour, and, with duck-like equanimity, let it soak him through. He resents any aspersion upon the Scottish particular. In the midst of streaming torrents he will hail a stranger with "A fine day—but coarse." But if the stranger say of the weather that which is in his soul, he will be admonished with all the indignation of the Highlander of whom Sir Archibald Geikie tells. "Ou ay, fae's findin' faut wi' the day. There's some folk wad fecht wi' a stane wa'," was his indignant comment on the soaked Southron's grumble.

The Way of the
Whirled.

It will not be the fault of the men at the wheel if fast times are not set up in the Isle of Man motor-race to-morrow. We shall see them in print, and some of us will marvel. But the truth is that as fast times are done on the road as in any but track races. Men running down to Folkestone or Dover by night beat the express train all the way; they cross, and beat the French express from Calais or Boulogne up to Paris, and say nothing about it—outside the smoke-room. Cars which run their best at three score and more miles an hour do not keep down to the pace which correspondence in the *Times* would have us believe. When a man is out for speed, his chauffeur may be seen, before setting out, carelessly dabbing a smear of lubricating grease over the number-plates. Half-a-mile on the road serves to plaster the grease with dust, and not even the eyes of a Jarrett could pick out the figures. Only the other day an English car ran from Boulogne to Paris at sixty-five miles an hour all the way. The journey cost not less than sixty or

says her carriage is shakin' like the verra devil." Nor come there such excitements as her late Majesty's lady attendants sometimes furnished. The train up from Balmoral stayed one afternoon at Perth, where a sergeant footman, with portentous mien, hurried up to the official in charge, desiring to know if a telegram could be despatched thence. Yes, it could; it could be sent safely and secretly from the signal-box. One or two notables hurried along with the stately minion, expecting that a message of significance to the State was to be sent. But the whole matter began and ended with the fact that one of the ladies-in-waiting had left behind her at



THE PARTY ABOUT TO PASS UNDER A
WOODEN BRIDGE.



THE RAFT, LADEN WITH THE PICNIC
PARTY, LEAVING A LOCK.



BRINGING THE RAFT TO THE SHORE.

PICNICKING ON A LOG RAFT: THE NEW WAY OF MAKING A PLEASURE TRIP ON THE RIVER.

A new method of picnicking on the river has been discovered in Germany, and promises to become popular. Picnic parties, not content with the ordinary system of setting out in a boat and eating their meals on the shore, now use a log raft, and find it not only novel, but comfortable.

seventy pounds for burst tyres, but that was the owner's concern, not the chauffeur's.

Worse than
Bootless.

The King's journeys about Scotland have been achieved without any of the diverting incidents which sometimes attended the travels of Queen Victoria in the days of great John Brown. The officials hear nothing, for instance, like they heard when the braw Scot hopped out of the royal saloon at Wigan Station, and declared "The Queen

Balmoral a pair of black silk stockings; would the major-domo at the royal demesne kindly forward them to Windsor?

Fine Buryings. The Bishop of Armagh may fulminate against Irish "wakes," but he will not stop them. It would require several generations of New Irish to kill the wake. There is still something of the pagan in the Hibernian peasant, and he devoutly believes that the apartment

in which the corpse lies is filled with evil spirits, which can be expelled only by sprinkling the room with holy water and by the other ceremonial rites of the wake. He lives on the thought of his death. A prosperous young farmer married a penniless girl because, as he said, she had so many uncles, aunts, and cousins that they would give him a funeral as fine as a king's. And possibly Douglas Jerrold knew more than the average Irishman will admit when he told of the Irish bride stitching at a garment which he took to be her wedding-dress. "'Tis no wedding garment," quoth she. "It's my own shroud. Let life bring what it may, please God I'll have a dacent wake." And so say all of them.

To the Uninitiated. If you judge a man by the company he keeps, you may judge the company by the signs which a place displays. The little pots of charcoal in a Dutch church tell of the comfortable pipe with which Mynheer beguiles the sermon hour. Less pleasant evidences in Italian places of worship remind you that the King's writ against expectation does not run in the Eternal City. But we have at our Northern watering-places messages to the simple and lowly which must be quite as striking to the visitor. In a garishly appointed hotel in a town where the tripping millions most do congregate, there stands the printed appeal, beside the hanging electric-bell, "not to pull the wire, but to push the electric-button." And in the same town, in its private sea-baths, is a "display" bill, beseeching bathers, after they have had their money's worth of water, to dry themselves in the bath, and not to prance dripping on the floor. "N.B.," it adds—"It is much warmer in the bath than out." Could solicitude and self-interest be more touchingly combined?

TABLE ORNAMENTS THAT TAKE THE BISCUIT :

BALLET - GIRLS ON THE DINNER - TABLE.



SÈVRES DANCERS IN SÈVRES SKIRTS: NOVEL DECORATIONS FOR THE DINNER - TABLE.

The figures are the work of MM. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse and Grégoire Calvet, are in "biscuit de Sèvres," were three years in the making, and were executed in china by the National Factory at Sèvres. M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse is well known as a painter; M. Grégoire Calvet, as a sculptor.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN the career of Mr. Basil Gill, who is playing the hero in "The Marriages of Mayfair," at Drury Lane, there is an incident which furnishes illuminating and humorous answer to the question, "What is acting?"—a question to which we gave some answers last week. Mr. Gill was playing Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross." Among the theatres he visited was the old Miners' Theatre at Assington, in Durham, which is run entirely by the miners themselves. Like other touring actors, Mr. Gill had to find a local habitation where he could, and he lodged in the house of one of the miners, a big, burly specimen of a man, who went to see one of the performances. Next morning, as Mr. Gill was having his breakfast, his landlord told him of the delight with which he had witnessed the play. "Ay," he said, "it was grand." Then, descending from the general to the particular, he began to criticise Mr. Gill's own performance. "You do your part as the Marquis gradely. I think you're the finest actor I ever seed. Why, in that there scene with the Baroness," as he called Berenice, "the veins on your neck just stood out as thick as my two thumbs. That's what I call fine acting."

The tallest actress on the stage is Miss Irene Smith, who plays La Bébé Bax in the new Drury Lane drama. She stands 6 ft. 1½ in. in her stockings. It seems somewhat incongruous, or like making "honey a sauce to sugar," to use the Shakespearean simile, that she should wear high heels, her hair brushed high over a pad, and a high hat, in order to give a greater impression of height. That is, however, what she does do, so as to realise the description of being 6 ft. 4 in. in height, in accordance with the design of the authors. Her part, though small, has been specially written for her, and, naturally, her physical inches make her conspicuous on the stage, for which, however, she was not originally intended. Her first idea was to be a pianist, not so much that she might play at concerts, but that she might teach the technique of the instrument. To that end she studied at the Royal Academy of Music, but left it in order to study for the stage under the skilful tutelage of Miss Rosina Filippi.

Playing the opposite part to Miss Smith—her uncle in the play—is Mr. Fred Grove, whose stature throws the actress's height into greater relief. Mr. Grove is one of the "old school," and played with famous actors of the past. In the days of the stock companies, he was a member of the company of a theatre to which the late Barry Sullivan went in order to fulfil a "starring" engagement. During that engagement Mr. Grove had an experience which, though humorous to look back upon, was extremely tragic at the time, for it showed the way in which the

memory sometimes plays tricks with an actor and causes him to ruin a scene. One night "The School for Scandal" was put up, being concerned in the supper scene with Charles, had the advantage of being shown all the business of the part by the "star," who said many complimentary things to him. A night or two later, "The Gamester" was to be played. In it there is a waiter who has only one entrance. He has to say to Beverley, "A Gentleman, Sir, inquires for you." To this Beverley replies, "Stukeley, I suppose?" and the waiter answers, "No, Sir; a stranger." Apparently insignificant as is the part, it was exceedingly important to Mr. Sullivan, and he would not allow the usual "utility man" to play it, but asked for the young actor who had played Trip. Mr. Grove was sent for and instructed as to the lines, while Mr. Sullivan impressed on him the necessity of speaking them exactly, adding, "Be sure not to say, 'A stranger inquires for you.'" When the performance came the actor, nervous, as he is to-day on first nights, entered and said, "A stranger, Sir, inquires for you." Then he became cold all over, and great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he realised he had done the very thing he had been told not to do! Had nothing been said about the matter, it is scarcely likely that he would have made the mistake at all. As it was, he flew to his dressing-room, changed into his own clothes as quickly as possible, and ran out of the theatre, half expecting that Mr. Sullivan would follow him to execute vengeance upon him. Happily, however, nothing so disastrous occurred, for Mr. Sullivan probably realised that he was the chief cause of the catastrophe, and in the next play, "Money," cast Mr. Grove for Captain Dudley Smooth.

Miss Florence Phillips, who, a short time ago, won warm expressions of approval from my colleague "Monocle" for her dancing in "The Girls of Gottenberg," at the Adelphi, was at the time doing also the Gaiety. The night she made her début on the professional stage—on which she has won much success by reason of the daintiness and grace of her step-dancing (which is of the true classical order) she met with a curious accident. In the midst of her dance she kicked her shoe off. It just missed hitting Mr. Ivan Caryll, who was conducting, and fell into the orchestra. One of the musicians picked it up and threw it back on the stage, but Miss Phillips danced without it, like the heroine of the famous fairy-story of "The Scarlet Shoes"; and when the dance was over, she carried the shoe off in triumph, to the great amusement of the audience.



MISTRESS OF THE MASTER MYSTERY: MRS. TOMSON, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

It is Mrs. Tomson who, having been searched by a committee of ladies, who guarantee that she is clad in nothing but an ordinary dress, a single black petticoat, a black silk vest, stockings and shoes, and that there is nothing concealed about her, suddenly appears from the rough cabinet erected on the Alhambra stage clad in voluminous robes of white, and produces also flowers, or a cockatoo, or guinea-pigs, or something else equally difficult to conceal. The canvas framework behind which Mrs. Tomson unrobes is erected before the eyes of the audience, and it is guaranteed that there are no traps or anything of that sort in the stage. At present the Master Mystery has baffled everybody.

Photograph by Hana.

Miss Olive May's dance in "Havana," at the Gaiety. She is one of Mr. George Edwardes's discoveries. He saw Miss Phillips dance at an entertainment at the Vaudeville, and forthwith engaged her for



TRIPLETS MADE BY MAKE-UP: MESSRS. JOSEPH KAUFMAN, CLIFTON CRAWFORD, AND WILLARD CURTISS IN "THREE TWINS," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Bangs.

AN ART COLLECTION CARRIED IN THE HAT: THE NEW CRAZE.



IT is the fashion at the moment not only to regard the hat-pin as something more than a necessity, and to treat it as an ornament, but to wear from five to eight pins in a single hat. One of the results of this new fad has been that a great many artists and craftsmen have turned their attention to the design and the making of hat-pin heads of every form. Comparatively simple as are some of the pins, much thought has gone to their making, and the ultra-fashionable woman chooses the pins for a particular hat as carefully as a beau chose the particular pin for his cravat or the particular walking-stick to be carried with each of his suits. As we have said, many of the pins are simple in design, but there are others, and a great many others, that are most elaborate. Some of the more ornate we illustrate on this page, and it may be taken that they are excellent examples of their class. It is understood that the mere man by no means approves of the craze; but, after all, what does that matter so long as he pays the bill? And every woman knows how to make him do that.

PINS THAT ARE PRIZED BY COLLECTORS: THE DERNIER CRI IN HAT-PINS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SHAKESPEARE makes very difficult matter for the illustrator. Some of the most deplorable steel-plates of all the deplorable steel-plates of an age intolerably profuse in that form of art were due to the inspiration of "Romeo and Juliet." In 1830, the illustrations more or less reflected the 1830 stage conception of the Shakespearean heroes and heroines; and it has always been the snare of the artist undertaking the illustration of a play to absorb his notions from the boards. An illustrator who has cut himself quite clear of the theatrical conventions, and may, indeed, from the appearance of his pictures, never have been inside His Majesty's, is Mr. Paul Woodroffe, whose edition of "The Tempest" has just appeared.

Ariel is a perplexing creature to capture in a wood-block, even though his prison was a tree. We know that, on the stage, some gentle feminine apprentice generally takes his part, but Mr. Woodroffe has not fallen into the common fault of a too-girlish impersonation. His illustrations, which are in colour, are delightful in invention and imagination. He really does stimulate the reader to appreciate the incalculable wealth of suggestion that the play contains. Only in the humorous interludes does his talent a little fail him.

Perhaps this is going to be an age of more or less competent Shakespearean illustrators. Mr. Rackham, the draughtsman of "Peter Pan," "Rip Van Winkle," and other books, has given a year to the making of pictures for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and he has some possession of the humour lacked by so many of the decorative draughtsmen otherwise in the front. It is conceded that he has humour; and the matter stands at that. So indefinable a quality may be allowed to any laughter-compelling artist, whether he be Harry Lauder or Arthur Rackham.

Mr. Chesterton must be as weary—if not as angry—with the dullness of a world that calls him "brilliant" as Rossetti was with the dullness of a world that called him "quaint." But he is probably quite as irritable as Rossetti when he hears himself applauded or rebuked for "paradox." Perhaps it is only intelligent readers of "All Things Considered" who well realise that he never deals in paradox. True, he has a way of turning things upside down and making them, consequently, look strange in our unaccustomed eyes. But he does not make them stand on their heads. Rather he chooses things that have hitherto been standing on their heads, and sets them on their heels. That he chooses those things, perhaps too exclusively, to write about has given the slovenly or conventionally minded that false impression of paradox;

just as the keen light of his admirable good sense gives to owl eyes the impression of glitter. More even than his humour, wit, or fire, is his distinguishing characteristic—that which we will call his rectitude. All things considered, Mr. Chesterton's is the finest integrity of the time.

I have heard one reader of Mr. Chesterton declare that he must be mad; and, hearing that, I remembered the reply (it delighted Dryden) made by poor Nat Lee to a bad poet who told him, "It is an easy thing to write like a madman." "No," said Nat, "it is a very difficult thing to write like a madman; but 'tis a very easy thing to write like a fool." That sort of writing is altogether too easy for Mr. Chesterton. Not a few of Mr. Chesterton's admirers are anxious, I note, for a disclaimer in regard to the suggestions that he is the author, or at least the proof-reader, of a book called "Gilbert Chesterton; a Criticism." Disclaimers are seldom worth the making, and for our own part, we are content with the disclaimer made on most pages of the book itself. If Mr. Chesterton had written it as a skit upon modern sorts of criticism and modern sorts of hero-worship, the book would have been much more amusing than it is. It is terrifying to think that Mr. Chesterton could play a joke quite so subtle as the writing of a silly book.

A publisher, presumably hurt by the hard sayings of the *Academy* about his class, writes to me: "How is it that the *Academy* will by no means allow the publishers the right to praise their own wares? On nothing are the illustrious editor and his staff so severe as on the little announcements and 'puffs,' which are very generally circulated before the coming of a new book. In the last issue I notice that Mr. Alston Rivers is badly mauled for telling something of the supposed

virtues of his book on Mr. Chesterton. What does the *Academy* think of the early editions of the English poets, or of any of the English classics? Are not these usually prefaced by the recommendations in verse of the wit and learning of their authors? Why, the *Academy* itself is not above devices of the same sort; for I see printed on the cover, week by week, in large type, the following announcement: 'The *Academy* is an independent, uncommercial journal, conducted in the interest of literature, and for the maintenance of a high standard of fearless and independent criticism.' What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Surely it is not the affixing of the label that is at fault, but only the affixing of a label that is vacuously boastful or obviously untrue.

M. E.



RIGHT AGAIN!

THE INTELLIGENT OFFICER (seeking to explain the motorist's situation): Ah! I suppose yer'd bin warned as there was a p'lice trap t' other side o' the bridge!

DRAWN BY A. GILL.

BULLY FOR MABEL!

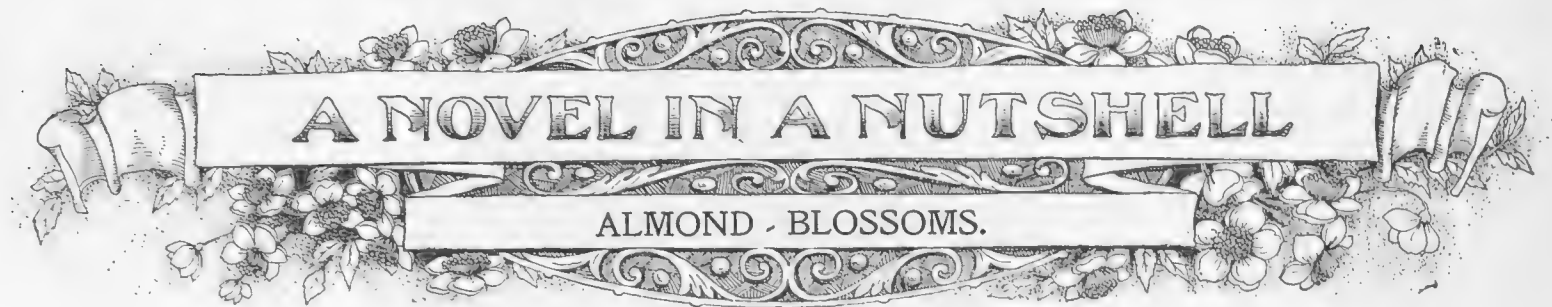


MABEL (*testing the wisdom of the grown-ups*): Well, how did Martin Luther die?

UNCLE JIM: Die? Oh, in the ordinary way, I suppose.

MABEL: Oh, Uncle! you really don't know anything. He was excommunicated by a bull.

DRAWN BY G. E. SUDDY.



By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

Author of "Patience Dean," "The Flowers," etc.

THE wind swayed the glass door of the cottage to and fro; and ever and anon a pink almond-petal was lifted over the grey gravel and blown into the room. Although the glass of the door was stained, it was screened inside by tiny curtains. These fluttered in the breeze, peeking round as the door swayed. A fickle sun lit up, or darkened, the stained glass. Outside the door, close to the trim garden path, an almond-tree shook out its robes of delicate pink. From time to time a blossom fell, its movement so light and wayward that it seemed to lie poised in the air before it reached the ground.

The man who sat writing within the cottage was so near the door that the soft wind raised his hair. He was unconscious of wind or sunlight: his task engrossed him. It was easy to see that he found it full of difficulties. The hand that held the stubby pencil and made reluctant entries in the soiled ledger was tanned and stiff. The man's brow was creased: its thoughtfulness was that of a dogged schoolboy. The strength and reticence his face displayed were blurred over, as it were, by the perplexity his task engendered. They had here no opportunity to come into play: they were qualities which had to do with the stress and storm of life. The man suggested the sea: the turbulent, angry sea, which just now lay cold and placid at the bottom of the slope.

There was so great a silence in the road without that when the gate clicked the man heard it at once. But he did not turn his head, going stubbornly on with his task.

The woman who came up the garden-path moved slowly. She stopped once, by the almond-tree, and breaking off a spray, stuck it carelessly into the bosom of her black gown. The action was full of indifference, yet the pink blossoms peered out with a kind of artistic exuberance, as if they had burst their way from the bodice of her dress.

She approached the door of the cottage and looked in, then she entered. Her dragged gown trailed round the legs of the man's chair as she made her way across the room. He did not look up. Resting her finger-tips on the table, she looked mockingly across at him. "Still the same! Tobias the industrious!" she said.

The man looked up then. His eyes were caught in the glance of hers, full of mockery and weariness. His eyes were steady—almost stupid eyes they were, like those of a big, simple boy. His bronze face paled to white as he gazed.

"It is *you*!" he stammered.

"Yes, it is me!" she mocked. "Who were you expectin' that you didn't look up?"

He said slowly, "I used to dream of this happening—but it never came true."

The woman's face changed, the mockery died out of it. "Well, it ain't a dream this time," she said. "Look at my rags, and my dust and grime, Tobias. These ain't no dream."

"No," he said.

She went to the fireside, sat down, and set her feet on the bright fender. Her shoulders drooped wearily; she laid her long, thin hands on the arms of her chair. The almond-twigs stuck out from her breast, a piece of incarnate Spring.

The man stood stupidly where he had risen. There was a kind of perplexed coldness in his eyes, as if he sought for what eluded him—for something he wished and yet dreaded to find.

She peered across at him, her peaked face full of an elfin amusement. "Are you standin' there 'cause you're kind of hintin' for me to go?" she asked.

"No," he said again. He moved across the room and took the chair at the other side of the grate.

His deliberate action, this cool confronting of her, seemed to cause her embarrassment. She said, stumbling over the words: "I was on my way to Little Maddon; I had to pass through Teignenhaugh. I saw the almond-tree all pink-like. I knew 'twas yourn. There ain't another in Teignenhaugh. 'Twas easy to see you, sittin' there by the door. I dropt in—jest for the sake of old times." She laughed affectedly, but did not look at the man's face.

He said: "You are going back to Little Maddon, to your folk?"

"Yes," she said listlessly.

"Walking?"

"Yes."

He said no more; and she cried, laughing, and peering at him from the corners of her eyes: "You ain't askin' me to wait here and rest awhile!"

He stirred restlessly, "You are very welcome," he said.

The woman laughed. "'You are very welcome'!" she mocked him. "But you had always the stiff tongue, Tobias. Perhaps that was why I left you—but I didn't understand then."

"You didn't understand what?" he asked.

"That a quick tongue means quick tiredness!" she said with sudden fierceness. Then she laughed again. "I ain't blaming nobody," she said. "If them as talks of love soon wearies, I don't know as they be to blame."

"Did *he* soon weary?" Tobias asked bluntly.

She stared at him, her eyes full of demands, like those of a hungry child. "Him as I left you for, you mean? Yes." She drew her arms round her knees and hugged them to her. "His promises weren't for wear," she said; "he weren't the wearing sort." After a moment she added, "No more be I."

Into the man's face a dull colour crept. "If he wasn't good to you—"

"He was as good as he knew how," she said indifferently. Then, catching sight of the smouldering fire in his eyes, she laughed shrilly. "Oh, he married me," she said, "if that's what you're doubtin'! He couldn't do more nor that, could he? And he's dead, so he's done his best." Her lips still twitched when she had ceased laughing. The man watched them, as if fascinated. Her mouth had not changed as much as had her pinched cheeks. It had always been provocative.

"It's rainin'," he said, and went to the door to close it. The drops beat with a hard patter on the glass.

"I can stay till that shower be over," said she. There was an odd mingling of assertion and pleading in her voice.

He nodded, standing still by the closed door. Through the curtains and the stained glass he could see the delicate, swaying branches of the almond-tree.

"It ha' bloomed special fine this year," he said, only half-aloud.

The woman started. She said, letting her hands slide over her knees: "'Tis but the second time I've seen it in blossom. 'Twere bought for me, that tree, Tobias. Do you remember as you bought it for me? You put it in the ground that autumn, and in the spring followin' we was to be wedded. I said as it should be when the almond blossomed. I wanted to wear a sprig—I was always partial to pink." A little smile stole round her mouth.

He did not see it. He said, without moving his head, "Yes."

"You said as it wouldn't blossom that year," she said reflectively,

[Continued overleaf.]

MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN A HENRY IRVING PART.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS," AT THE ADELPHI.

Mr. Martin Harvey has revived "The Corsican Brothers" for the first part of his season at the Adelphi, and, of course, plays the two parts (Louis and Fabien del Franchi) in which Sir Henry Irving was so successful. Mr. Harvey's first revival of the play in London took place at the same theatre in June of last year. The dual rôle in "The Corsican Brothers" is also associated with Charles Kean and with Fechter.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

"but it did. 'Twas a real glory. It seems to me as it were far finer then nor now. I plucked a sprig and wore it, afore the wedding-day—'twas a real unlucky thing to do. And you said as the almond-blossom were like me."

"There were a likeness," he said hoarsely.

His eyes were drawn to her as she went on crooning; and it seemed to him that the likeness was still there, in some mysterious fashion. She lay back in her seat with that old odd grace, her back seeming to fit against the back of the chair rather than to lean upon it. Her long hands lay idle in her lap, her chin pointed forward; there was a kind of fragrance in the sunken cheek and drooped shoulders. The soiled black gown clung sinuously round her ankles. In the lines of the long, slender figure there was still immaturity—the immaturity of spring. About her smile, that came and went, there was a glamorous sweetness.

She had it still about her, peeping out here, there—a charm fragile, elusive, alluring, the charm of the almond-tree.

"But you left me," he broke out suddenly, breaking the spell of her, the monotone of her soft voice. The words were almost a cry.

She looked at him with sudden boldness. "Yes; I left you—jilted you on the wedding-day—but I have come back."

He turned his face away from her, and she waited.

He said at last, "There are gleams of sun, bits here and there. The rain 'll soon be over."

A cloud passed over her face, leaving it cold, a little pinched. But she said quietly, "Yes; I must soon be movin' on."

He seated himself in the chair where he had sat to write, and she watched his face settle into its habitual lines. She said, with the old note of mockery, "I wonder that, when you moved from t'other house, you brought the almond-tree with you."

He said phlegmatically, "I never thought of doing aught else."

She knew it was true. There spoke in the words the simple faithfulness of the man.

He could see the piece of almond poking out of her dusty bosom. It spoke eloquently to him: its cry a mingling of new perplexity and old desire. Thoughts thronged upon him. He seized his pencil and began to write, making odd marks on the page.

"How quiet the roads are!" she said presently. "I didn't see a soul as I came along."

"The fair's on at Heccombe," he said shortly; "most folks have gone."

"And your mother—ain't she likely to be comin' in?" She stirred uneasily.

"She is dead," he replied.

There was a pause.

"I was always feared of that mother of yours," she said, catching her breath.

"You hadn't any need to be," he said coldly.

The kettle on the fire began to hiss, and he rose, stretching himself as if glad of an excuse for action.

"I'll make you a cup of tea," he said, "before you go."

She watched him listlessly, and without offering to help. When he set a cup upon the table, she lifted it and ran a finger round the garland on its edge. "I chose it," she said, smiling like a child, "because of the pink."

When all was ready she ate and drank slowly, yet with a kind of zest. There seemed to the man to be almost an adoration in her touch as she handled the dishes which had been purchased once for her. She ate the brown bread as if she dreamt dreams

while she ate. While he noticed this, he saw that her shoes were white with dust, and her gown's hem muddled and frayed.

When she was finished he let the things stand.

"Ain't you going to clear them away?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"Then I will." She rose. The almond-blossom swayed in her breast.

He caught her arm. "No—let them be."

She stared at him. There was dismay and desire in his eyes.

"You ain't married, Tobias?" she asked faintly.

He fell back, his mouth tightening stubbornly. "I'm as good as married," he said.

"As good as!"

"Yes."

"Who's the gel?"

He did not answer. Her glance fled round the room. There was a portrait on the shelf. She seized it, turned it to the light. "Hannah!—plain Hannah, we used to call her at school! She ain't the one!" She burst into mocking laughter.

"I'm marrying her, come July," he said. There was a finality in his tone.

She stared into his grave face. Her lips twitched, with what emotion he could not tell. "Plain Hannah," she repeated—"with her round face." And then, "In July the almond-blossom will all be dead."

He wondered if she were mocking at him still, but would not probe to discover. It was difficult enough now to choke the pang in his heart.

The woman went to the door, opened it, and looked out. "It has stopped raining," she said. Her long arms hung by her sides. A little smile still came and went on her lips. A wet petal from the almond-tree drifted in and fell upon her. She stepped out, then looked back.

"Good-bye," she cried, laughing.

"Good-bye," said he.

Through the window he watched her walk down the garden-path and wander through the gate. As she turned sharply down the road, he saw for one moment the almond-sprig, a pink radiance, at her breast.

He went to the door and looked out. Raindrops dangled on leaf and bud, the wind was gentler, the sun sparkled out in a brilliance of light from among drifting clouds. Soon Hannah would

be calling in on her way home—Hannah with her plain fresh face and her housewifely airs.

Tobias looked at the almond-tree: it stood out, radiant, sweet, mysterious, its blossoms paling with their ecstasy of joy. It was full of allurements, the allurements of the wind-flowers, of the spring-tide, of all fragile, fleeting things. The man gazed at it with perplexed eyes, struggling with his problem. For he still saw the charm of the almond-blossom, blurred over and dim, in the woman he had lost.

He noticed the torn bough, where with careless fingers she had taken her nosegay. A second twig had yielded to her grasp, had fallen unnoticed, and now lay sodden upon the ground.

The rain had beaten it into the gravel, had battered and had bruised it. The pink blossom lay streaked with soil, downcast and crushed.

Yet about it clung still a mysterious fragrance, a waning charm, a breath of romance.

"Yes, she is like almond-blossom—soiled almond-blossom," said the man slowly.

It seemed to him, as he looked upon the dying flower, that spring was past.

THE END.



A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

THE MAGISTRATE (who suffers from "indigestion"): Well, have you anything to say?

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY: Yus; I objects to being sentenced by a fellow with a nose like yours.

[DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—IV.



JIM, HIS FRIEND: Hullo, Canny, what are you doing in that barrel of hot water?

CANNY CANUTE: Go away, you kids! Can't you see I'm taking one of those new cabinet baths to reduce my weight?

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

HOW TO SCOUT. BY ONE WHO HAS SCOOTED.



IF PURSUED IN THE OPEN, SEEK CONCEALMENT BEHIND THE NEAREST TREE.



IF SURPRISED BY A SUPERIOR BODY, IT IS USUALLY WISE TO RETIRE IMMEDIATELY.

PICTORIAL HINTS FOR THE B.P. BOY SCOUTS, THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN, AND "TERRIERS" IN GENERAL.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MANY happy returns, on Thursday, to Lord Wolverton. His friends had last year an opportunity of providing gifts which happily does not recur. Shortly before his birthday, his Lordship had his house burgled. Raffles had selected the time; the place was full of guests awaiting the arrival of the King and the Prince of Wales.

The Prince was actually in the house when the robbery was discovered. Luckily, Lord Wolverton could well afford to stand the loss. He was not as poor before succeeding his brother in the title, nor as rich after, as report has it. Rumour gives him £50,000 a year with his peerage. It is not as much as that. He is the fourth holder of the title. Now the third baron failing

Banquet, at which he is to be the guest of the evening. That president is Admiral Sir John Durnford. Like so many other monarchs of the main, Sir John is a son of the parsonage. More-

over, he married a parson's daughter. But his name was made far from Whitehall. He helped to annex Burmah; he won further honours under Sir H. Prendergast, and, returning to Burmah in the year of the Jubilee, commanded a naval brigade and a flotilla of armed launches and stamped out Dacoity. Since then he has had three years at the Admiralty, and has commanded on the Cape of Good Hope station. If Mr. Kipling wants more, Sir John is only nine-and-fifty, and ready still for anything that the Empire may demand of a first-rate fighting man.

street. Well, he has a man after his own heart in the president at the Trafalgar street. Well, he has a man after his own heart in the president at the Trafalgar



THE CURIOUS HEAD-RESS OF A BRAZILIAN DANCER: SENORITA VIOLETTA, WHO IS APPEARING IN BERLIN.

Photograph by Schneider.

to outlive a wealthy aunt, widow of the second baron, the great fortune went away from the title, when it devolved upon its present owner. The residuary personal estate of the second baron passed to his nieces, but they generously concurred in the proposal of their aunt for the benefit of their present cousin. She believed that her husband's intentions had been misinterpreted by the lawyers, and her will contains a declaration to that effect.

The King and the Sultan. His Majesty's message of congratulation to the Sultan of Turkey is one more proof of how fortunate we are in our diplomatist-Sovereign. The King first visited the Near East on his way back from the Holy Land—that is, in early youth, when, a few years after their marriage, the then Prince and Princess of Wales paid a memorable visit to Constantinople, being entertained with great state by the reigning Sultan, at a banquet which was the first ever offered by the "Commander of the Faithful" to Christians! Their Majesties have retained a delightful recollection of an incognito tour they made of the native quarter of Stamboul disguised as "Mr. and Mrs. Williams."

The Parson's Son. There is a suspicion abroad, and the *Times* has handled the subject, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling does not care a brass farthing for any Briton who was not born in some Britain overseas. That is not the way to put it. His writings make it clear that the "Banjo Bard of Empire" despises, not the English-born Briton, but the man who knows the Empire only from some squalid London or provincial



THE MOOR WHO NEVER TOOK A BRIBE: HAJ MOHAMMED TORRES.

Photograph by Rol.

Morocco Bound!

honourable posts

Mr. Reginald Lister, who has been given one of the most onerous, and therefore one of the most connected with our Diplomatic Service, is a personal friend of both the King and Queen. A younger brother of Lord Ribblesdale, he is the ideal of the courtly, man-of-the-world diplomat, and his bachelor dinners—ay, even his teas—are famous in four capitals. Their Majesties always make a special point of visiting his delightful flat when they happen to be in Paris, and they honoured him by taking luncheon there the last time they were in France. Morocco, after Paris, will surely seem arid and desolate; but Mr. Lister is no carpet knight, and his remarkable tact will stand him in good stead when dealing with those representatives of the other Great Powers whose thorny duty it is to watch each other rather than to watch the wily ruler of Morocco.

The Moor who Never Took a Bribe.

In Haj Mohammed Torres died a Moor of the old school,

one who was, it must be confessed, an exception among his fellows, for he was probably the only Moorish official who never took a bribe. He served his country well, and when he died last week he died in harness, as Resident Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Tangier, although he had passed by a decade the Biblical three-score years and ten. His family was originally Spanish, but has been settled at Tetuan for many centuries.



WHAT THE ENORMOUS HAT NOW IN FASHION MEANS TO THE MIDINETTE: A MILLINER'S ASSISTANT CARRYING A BOX THAT HOLDS ONE OF THE HUGE CREATIONS.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

POPULAR AND ATTRACTIVE DOUBLES—CHURCH AND TURF.

THE Continental list men have had a record number of doubles for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and these include no end of horses trained in the same stable. Thus the favourite double is Glacis and Cocksure II., probably because both horses will be ridden by Danny Maher, as both are trained by the Hon. G. Lambton. Another attractive double is Baltinglass and Galvani, who are sheltered in Gilpin's stable, and both have class to recommend them. Galvani will be ridden by B. Dillon if started, and Baltinglass may be steered by Hewitt. The double chosen from Morton's stable is Pure Gem for the long race and Elmstead for the Cambridgeshire; but my information is to the effect that Menu will represent Mr. J. B. Joel in the Cesarewitch, and, what is more, may go close. The Manton double is Lischana and Jubilee; but Taylor may start his whole fleet for both races, in which case backers will be given a puzzle indeed. I expect Trigg will ride the pick of the stable in both the long and the short events, and his mount should pay for following. Sam Darling could win the double event with Black Spot and Wheatear, and Captain Dewhurst might do ditto with Wuffy and Solferino. Apart from stables, many doubles are made on jockeys' mounts, and Maher, Madden, Trigg, and Wootton are the favourites under this head; but the double event takes a lot of finding, although Mr. Winston Churchill's father—the late Lord Randolph Churchill—landed a good one over Tenebreuse and Veracity, in 1888, when, by-the-by, he dreamed the latter had won. I think it was in the same year, or perhaps a year later, that Mr. Sidney Fry, the well-known golf and billiard player, landed a double, and received a large sum for doing so out of Mr. Joe Thompson's book. Many of the Continental men lost heavily over the wins of Black Sand and Ballantrae in 1903, one firm losing £30,000 over their double-event book; but this does not often happen.

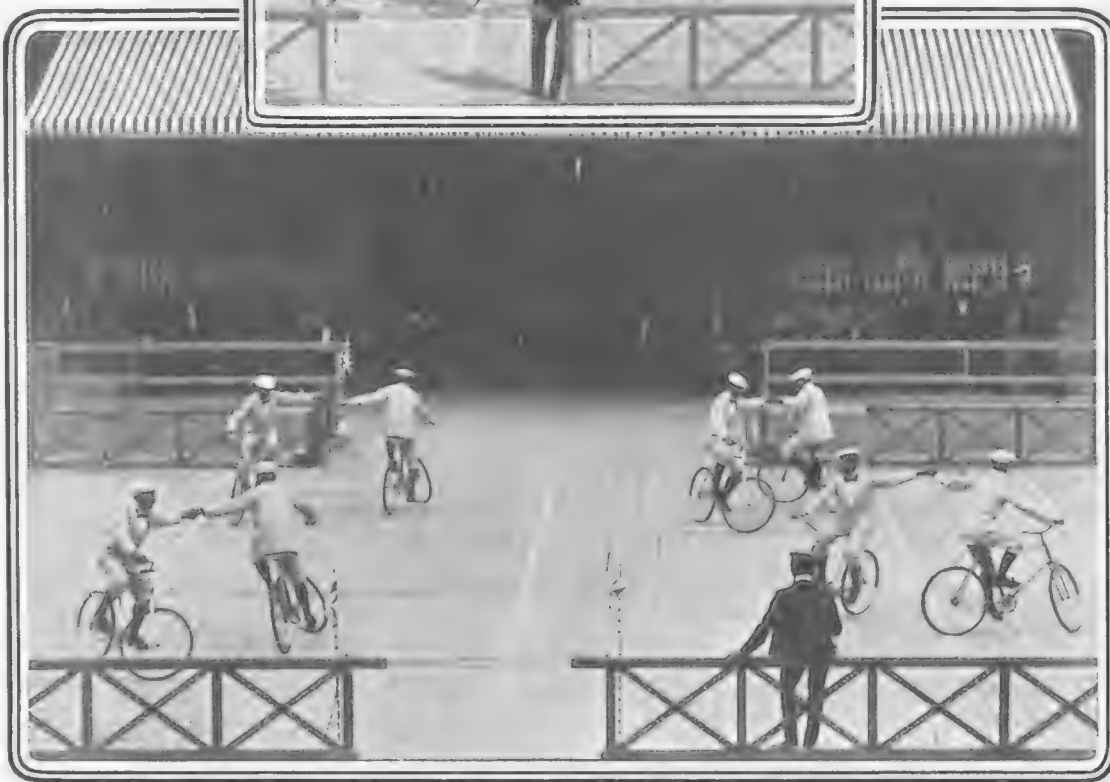
I have seen any number of clergymen at race-meetings this year, especially at the North-country meetings. The place to see the Irish priests muster in force is at Aintree on Grand National day. They munch hard-boiled eggs (the race is run on a Friday) and sip something out of a flask the while they go through the card, hunting for the probable winner. As all the world knows, Apology, who won the St. Leger when ridden by that good Churchman, John Osborne, was owned by a vicar, and we have an ex-Church of

England clergyman, in Parson Parkes, in active work as a trainer of racehorses at the present time. All the same, there are many of the clergy who are not well versed in Turf lore; for instance, the Midland rector who once called on the late William Howlett, a bookie, for a subscription towards his church. Howlett was in bed with the gout at the time, but he shouted down to his wife, "Give

the good man a 'pony.'" The good man remarked that "We have no use for a pony; it's money we want." "Then give him a 'tenner,'" said Howlett at the top of his voice, and the rector went on his way rejoicing at the result of his begging expedition. I once asked a well-known City clergyman, who is a man of the world, why members of his profession took so kindly to horses, and he remarked, "It is purely a question of locality. You will find the racing priests in Ireland, where all the good horses are bred, just as you find the hunting parson in the shires, and the football parson in Lancashire. My own position is different. I have to attend City functions, such as dinners and social gatherings, so that I may keep in touch with those who have money to spare in the cause of religious charity."

CAPTAIN COE.

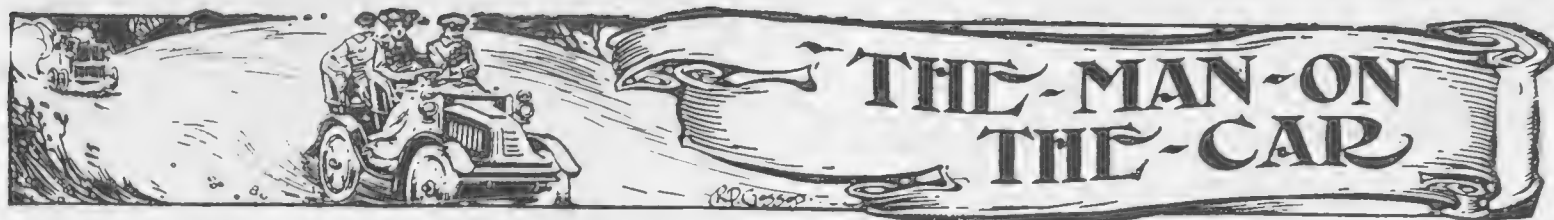
Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "Notes" page.



A SPORT THAT WOULD HAVE REJOICED THE HEART OF EUCLID: FIGURE-CYCLING IN GERMANY. The cyclists find the lines marked on the wooden stage on which they ride of great service to them when they are amusing themselves by figure-cycling.—[Photographs by Hümmer.]

hour he broke all world's records. He covered his 129th mile in 11 min. He finished remarkably fresh. Mr. Hammond, who, as we have said, is on the Stock Exchange, is thirty years of age and unmarried. His food during the great walk consisted of custards, ground-rice puddings, grapes, jelly, and bananas; and he drank plain or barley water, a little soda-water, and tea. The previous records include the 127 miles 1210 yards walked in twenty-four hours by W. Howes, the professional, in February 1878, and the 120 miles walked in the same time by A. W. Sinclair, the amateur, in August 1881. Mr. Hammond's walking was remarkably consistent, and he never seemed to alter his long, quick stride as the hours went by. It will be remembered that last year he walked to Brighton and back, a distance of 104 miles, in 18 hours 13 min. 37 sec.

A series of remarkable records was set up the other day when Mr. T. E. Hammond, the well-known amateur walker, of the Stock Exchange, covered 131 miles 580 yards in twenty-four hours. He broke his first record by walking 51 miles in 8 hours 47 min. 12 3-5 sec., and from that time onwards he beat all amateur records. From the seventeenth hour until the twenty-fourth



THE ECONOMY OF A 30-H.P. BEESTON-HUMBER—THE NEW DAIMLER VALVELESS ENGINE: THE SILENT KNIGHT—A NEW CORD TYRE:

ULTRA-REPAIRABLE!—THE FOUR-INCH RACE—WANTED, A NEW B.-H.P. FORMULA.

STATEMENTS of the cost of running motor-cars under various conditions, for pleasure or for business—or, indeed, for both purposes combined—are always interesting, as they afford owners who keep some sort of check upon their motor expenditure an opportunity of gauging how much worse they are doing than other people. Just lately I had submitted to me some figures concerning the journeying of a 30-h.p. Beeston car over a distance of 5430 miles in twelve months, which total entailed an expenditure of £42 14s. This amount was made up as follows: Petrol, £17 10s.; lubrication, £4 14s. 6d.; tyres, £17 2s. 6d.; charging accumulators and carbide, £3 7s. The car ran an average of eighteen miles to the gallon of spirit, and the whole cost works out at 186d., or a shade over 13d. per mile. It is thus very clearly shown that the 30-h.p. Beeston-Humber in question is not only economical in petrol—which is comparatively a bagatelle—but, what is greatly more to the purpose, is very light on tyres.

If report speaks truly, the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, have adopted the Knight internal-combustion engine as their motor for the coming year. At the moment of writing, the exact form in which this engine will be used is not known, but, according to a description published some months ago and taken from the American patent specification, it would appear that this engine is practically valveless, as valves are now generally understood in connection with automobile engines. That must not be taken to suggest that there are no valves at all. There are, indeed, ports—that is to say, there are openings in the walls of the cylinder proper, which admit the mixture and pass out the exhaust gases after they have been fired and have done their work. These openings are exposed and closed each by a hollow cylinder of metal, one within the other and working up and down within the engine-cylinder itself. It is within the inner sleeve that the piston itself operates, just as in an ordinary cylinder.

It would appear that finality in the method of constructing pneumatic tyres for motor-cars is not yet in sight. I hear, incidentally, of a new method of making a cord-restrained cover—that is to say, a method differing considerably

from that followed in the building of the present excellent Palmer tyre. The system is vouched for by an expert member of a firm which has a considerable reputation in the tyre trade, so that the scheme of manufacture must have many practical points to recommend it. Although a cord tyre, it is said that the cover will present even more resiliency than one made up with fabric in the usual way, that its wearing qualities are extraordinary, and that whole pieces may be cut out of the cover and the gaps satisfactorily repaired. If all this is so—particularly the latter claim—and cost rules equal with present market prices, this tyre presently to be should have a big future before it.

To-morrow the much discussed, abused, and decried Four-Inch Race takes place in the Isle of Man. There have been several minor accidents during the recent early morning practices, but nothing of a very serious nature, save to certain cattle, which it would be thought the Manx farmers would have kept off the roads between the hours of 6 and 8.30 a.m., when they must have been aware of the movement, it is to be hoped that the race itself will be brought to a conclusion without mishap. Certainly everything that the Club officials and the island authorities can do to avert accidents has been done. The entry is a large one, and at the moment the issue is on the knees of the gods.

Without doubt, the winter months must see the Royal Automobile Club and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders setting their several houses in order with respect to a formula which will permit the brake horsepower of an internal-combustion engine being approached by calculation with some degree of exactitude. At the present moment the piston diameter squared, multiplied by the number of cylinders, and divided by two and a half, has been proved

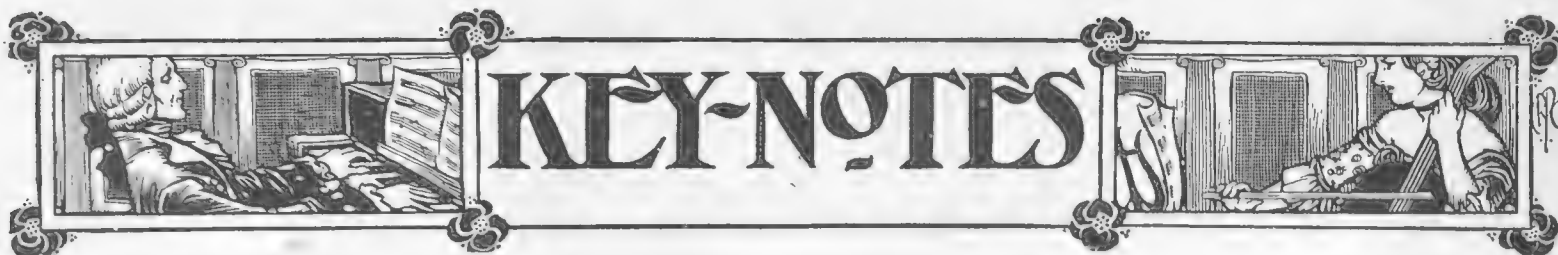
by the engines that have been turned out this year to be absolutely hopeless! So soon as makers realised that the formula placed no restriction upon stroke, they at once experimented with a view to see what stroke-extension would do for them, with the result that they, or some of them, found that increase in this direction was almost as advantageous as an extension of bore. Hence these tears, and the necessity for re-casting the formula, if it is to be of any service.



ELEGANCE AND THE CAR: A 12-14-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE.



THE DOCTOR AND THE CAR: A MEDICAL MAN SETTING OUT TO VISIT HIS PATIENTS
ON A 14-16-H.P. ARGYLL.



THE directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra have made some interesting engagements for their Symphony Concert season, which opens next month. Eugene Ysaÿe will play on Oct. 17th, and as he is recognised as the greatest living violinist, the engagement is certain to prove a popular one. For some years the Belgian artist seemed to avoid London, where his concerts met with no more than a moderate measure of support; but he was never without admirers, and when he took charge of "Fidelio," during the brief and unfortunate season of German Opera at Covent Garden, in the early days of 1907, his reception did more than justice to his gifts as a conductor. In November we are to hear the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society at one of the Symphony Concerts; their presence in town is further evidence of the tribute that London pays to the great provincial choirs. Raoul Pugno, most artistic, delicate, and restrained of pianists, is announced as soloist for the concert on Dec. 12th; he is one of the few under whose hands the piano exercises all its legitimate functions without trespassing on domains that are not its own; it is always a pleasure to hear him. In January Miss Marie Hall and Mme. Carreño are among the soloists, while in February the Queen's Hall is to welcome two celebrities whose work, as far as it is known in this country, has attracted considerable attention, and roused very genuine interest. They are Jean Sibelius and Claude Debussy. It is not easy to provide special attractions in days when the great figures in the realm of music are sought for eagerly by the Old World and the New; but the directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra have done excellently.

Perhaps the most important new work at the Worcester Festival was Sir Hubert Parry's cantata, "Beyond these Voices there is Peace." The composer is among the most scholarly of living musicians, and though he does not loom so large in the public eye as do certain of his contemporaries, he will always be reckoned among the outstanding figures in the history of Victorian music. Sir Hubert Parry has a remarkable gift for choral writing; he can get the finest possible effects from his voices without illtreating them. He does not sacrifice melody to form, though he writes by the book, and there are some delightful themes in his latest work, the 'cello being very happily suited. Although Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Plunket Greene were heard to great advantage in the cantata, the work, as a whole, would have been the better if the choir had been more familiar with it; but, even under conditions that were not altogether favourable, the composition made its mark, impressing all present by the beauty of the inspiration, the sincerity of the purpose, and the fine quality of the writing. Sir Hubert conducted his work, and it is to be hoped that Londoners will have the opportunity of hearing it under his direction in the near future.

Mr. Henry Wood's labours with the Sheffield Choir compelled him to vacate the conductor's seat at the Queen's Hall last week, and the directors persuaded M. Edouard Colonne to step into the breach at the Promenade Concerts. Many will welcome M. Colonne's appearance, not that Mr. Henry Wood's services can be dispensed with lightly, but because M. Colonne is one of the greatest living interpreters of Berlioz, and handles the most delicate work of Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns in masterly fashion. In London French music is almost as much neglected in the concert-hall as in the Opera House, and when we do hear some, it is played without much enthusiasm or insight. M. Colonne makes the most of the material supplied by his contemporaries, emphasising the proper points, the sweetness, the delicacy. The French genius does not travel in the direction of strength; it is not epoch-making, but the best work of the living Frenchmen and those who have died in the past twenty years or so adds greatly to the joy of life, and to hear M. Colonne conduct it is to realise the secret of the attraction and to regret that the musical horizon of so many conductors does not take in France at all.

Perhaps we owe to a certain feeling of revolt against the methods of very modern composers a return to an old-time admiration for their predecessors. During the past few years London and the provinces have seen a number of small societies started to keep before the public the work of men who were almost unknown to the generation immediately preceding ours, though they were popular enough with those that went before. Among the great dead whose claims are being revived is Scarlatti, a volume of whose compositions for the harpsichord is to be published by Messrs. Bach, of Oxford Street. The work will be edited by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, to whom the literature of music is not a little indebted. Mr. Shedlock is a competent and clear-minded critic, and a writer whose pleasant style invites and arrests attention. He has published a volume on the Sonata, and his knowledge of the theory of music is complete. Scarlatti, who was born in the middle of the seventeenth century, and died in the earlier years of the eighteenth, is a writer whose work will not go cheek by jowl with that of the ultra-modern men, but if we can prepare the proper atmosphere for it, we shall not lack delight. Those who are interested will find a quaint connection between the literary and musical styles of the eighteenth century, and the flavour of both retains much of its pleasantness in these more strenuous days. Form or style was, of course, the desideratum of musician and author, and so long as the expression was elegant, the matter expressed would be likely to escape criticism. Happily, Scarlatti was one of the few who had genuine musical inspiration.—COMMON CHORD.



EARL AND VOCALIST: LORD SHAFTESBURY, WHO ACTED AS SOLOIST AT THE CHURCH OF SHASTON ST. JAMES'S, SHAFTESBURY, LAST WEEK.

The Earl has an excellent tenor voice, and he was the solo vocalist at the service attending the dedication of a new organ at the church of Shaston St. James's, last week. At the end of the service he left the body of the church, and stood, unsurprised, in the choir stalls while he sang "If With all Your Hearts" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and "The Soft Southern Breeze" from Barnby's "Rebekah."

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

have seen a number of small societies started to keep before the public the work of men who were almost unknown to the generation



A FORMER STREET SINGER WHO IS TO EARN £40 A WEEK: MIRZKA GYNT.

Mirzka Gynt, who is said to have a wonderful soprano voice, was singing outside an East-end public house a short time ago, when he was discovered by someone who appreciated his gifts. He has now set sail for America, where he is to appear at a salary of 200 dollars a week.—[Photograph by Park.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Convents Up to Date.

The French are nothing if not practical, and the Church in France would seem to have solved its economic problem by turning all the convents—at any rate, in Brittany—into primitive hotels. For the buildings, with their great refectories, innumerable cells—easily transformed into bedrooms for heretics—their fish-ponds, orchards, gardens, and green *allées* are ready to hand, and the disbanded nuns have only to assume civil dress and wait on the visitors. Thus they can keep together, practise what private rituals and austerities they choose, turn the Mother Superior into the hostess of the inn, keep their favourite abbé on the premises and hear their Mass in the adjacent chapel. The good nuns, too, have no prejudice against worldly distractions for their *pensionnaires*, so that some of these transformed convents resemble the *mondain* nunneries of the Eighteenth Century, where Young Persons of high birth were temporarily cloistered, but were allowed, if they wore masks, to receive the attentions of their admirers, and even to enjoy evening-parties and theatricals within the convent walls. Thus, dancing, bridge, amateur pantomimes, strolling French companies, and I know not what, are not only permitted but encouraged by the holy women who wait on the English visitors. For, strangely enough, it is the heretic Briton, with his wife and numerous progeny, who fills the up-to-date French convent in summer-time, and incidentally, the coffers of the Church in France.

"Carlotta Est Ici!"

Such was the legend on the walls one morning of dancing sea and frolicsome sunshine, and lest there should be any doubt on the subject in the minds of visitors or natives, the young lady presently drove a triumphant donkey-cart along the village street, and, beating a drum with her own fair hands, repeated the announcement of her advent in a surprisingly strident voice, inviting us, at the same time, to come and witness her prodigious feats of clairvoyance that very evening in the *place*, at half-past eight. Now, in private life (for we spent an agreeable half-hour that afternoon with Carlotta in her caravan) this strolling *hypnotiste* was a shrewd, amiable, hard-working girl enough; but under the fierce light which beats upon the public artist, encircled by a thick crowd of Breton fisher-folk and incredulous infants, Carlotta, I regret to say, turned out to be something of a disappointment. We were most of us, it seemed, destined to take a journey; to meet a fair young man; to inherit a fortune—such was the simple formula with which Carlotta essayed to disentangle the skeins of our destiny. Nevertheless we gave her, willingly, our ten-sou pieces, for it is but a scurvy income which Carlotta makes, traversing France,

snail-like, from north to south in her cumbersome wooden home, and supporting a male parent of prodigious girth and Gargantuan appetite. Next day, the walls were bare, the *place* was empty, the girl was driving her dreary trade elsewhere.

Carlotta n'était plus ici; elle était—Dieu sait où.

A Fantasy in Architecture.

All those who frequent Dinard know La Maisoir des Bonshommes, for it not only figures on the picture postcards, but belongs to one of the well-known members of its cosmopolitan society. But not everybody has yet enjoyed its owner's hospitality in his new home, for it is not yet finished, and lacks such necessities as a front door and steps. But to enter by the kitchen, with its imposing array of shining copper pots, pans, and casseroles is only a fitting beginning to your adventure, for this house is like no other either in colour, design, or furnishing. One side of the dining-room, for instance, lacks a wall; its place is filled by a vast plate of glass, covered by a curtain of reeds, and through it you see the shining pale-blue bay, the green shores sloping to the water's edge, and distant St. Malo—with its crenellated walls and towering church spire—spread out like a picture for your eyes to feast upon. This blaze of light permits you to enjoy the Breton cabinets, the carved mantelpieces, the curious souvenirs from every country which ornament the room. Indeed, I do not know why we so carefully exclude the landscape from our English houses, blotting out the daylight, the skies, and the foliage with walls, draperies, and minute panes of glass.

Homing Britons.

Britons on the wing, like homing pigeons, are apt to make their way remorselessly to their domicile without any more amenity to their fellow-travellers than would be shown by a flying bird. Thus they ignore each other's existence, snatch each other's berths on the steamer and each other's corner seats in the train, hustle for places at table, grumble over the food, elbow a path to the gangway, and generally behave, on a journey, in a manner which must be seen to be believed. That protests must be sometimes made is true, and the lady on the boat who informed everyone that if a distinguished friend of hers were still general manager of a certain railway company, she would not have been given a horse-rug as a blanket was probably right. And if I might venture to breathe a word of advice into the ear of the enterprising company in question—if such a feat be possible—it is that they, in their wisdom, might see fit to supply a beverage more closely resembling tea than the strange witches' brew which at present masquerades under the name.



(Copyright.

A COSY COAT IN BROWN SCOTCH TWEED AT KENNETH DURWARD'S, CONDUIT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LONDON will soon fall upon its own again and settle down to what promises to be a really good autumn season. Our great, big city, with all there is in and about it of exceeding interest, has been the playground of tourist and congress people, and delegates and trippers for several weeks. It has been good to witness their enjoyment of it and to hear their encomiums of British courtesy and hospitality. Soon we shall lose our reputation for churlishness among the nations. Delighted as we have been with our hordes of visitors, I fancy we shall feel like a hostess after a succession of large house parties, glad to settle down to family life again. So far few people have returned to town to stay. This week is the final one of the Scottish season as regards games, balls, and gatherings. Foreign spas and seaside places are being deserted. At the close of the month our own seaside places will lose their summer visitors, and town life will resume its usual way. The first fashionable function will be the wedding, on Oct. 8, of Viscount Villiers with pretty, dainty-looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed Lady Cynthia Needham.

Countess Annesley appeared in a gavotte on a recent evening at a charitable entertainment at Castlewellan Court House, near her Irish residence. I hear that she made a delightful picture in Louis XVI. dress of grey brocade, with a flower design in pink and blue, the skirt festooned with wreaths of rosebuds. Lady Clare Annesley, Mr. Sinclair, and Captain de la Cherois-Crommelin were the other dancers. The item in the programme was intensely appreciated. At country entertainments, dances in costume are a far better draw than anything else, and yet are very seldom given.

The autumn fashions promise remarkably well. While slenderness of outline remains desirable, the point that it is not always possible is wisely recognised, and a certain tendency towards Hanoverian styles is observable in the models reaching London modistes from Paris and Vienna every week. There is a dash and picturesqueness, a flavour of old-world gallantry and grace about these Hanoverian coats, with their jabots and ruffles of lace and their smart braidings, that is very welcome. The skirts are made in the same material as the coats, and are frequently braided too. According to strict Georgian style, they should be long, as the coats were worn for riding-dress. However, expediency is so far considered by even smart women that outdoor autumn dress must have short skirts. The Georgian shoe, with cut-steel buckle, is, of course, the correct footwear. The headgear is a wide-brimmed felt hat, finished with ostrich-feathers, a relic of the Cavalier fashion that lasted into the early Georgian times. The *quatre cornes de serviteur* felt hat is, of course, quite correct for wearing with these costumes. It is, however, not universally becoming—what hat is?

The King's Cullinan diamond will make jewel-loving women envious when it is seen on Queen Alexandra, who is not only one of the most beautiful Queens of this or any other age, but has the way of wearing jewels in a queenly manner. A gem one of the smaller fragments of which, detached in the process of cutting, is worth £25,000 is like a fairy stone. The larger of the two chief stones which it will make will be the largest known diamond. The Koh-i-Noor's nose is quite out of joint. The new Crown jewels come from a new Crown Colony with a clean slate. It will be interesting to know how they will be set for our beautiful and most gracious lady the Queen. The wearing of jewelled ornaments has reached a stage in the favour of fashionable women in this country that was not dreamt of thirty years ago. The beautiful gem-work and the fine stones and perfect pearls supplied by the Parisian Diamond Company have largely contributed to this result—a very pleasant one; for no one nowadays has any patience with the beauty-unadorned theory.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a coat made by that clever sartorial caterer for our sex, Kenneth Durward, in Conduit Street. It is one of those cosy garments that make us welcome the winter. It is made of brown Scotch tweed, and has such jolly big double-pockets, with large flaps, that one's heart goes out to it at once. The buttons are leather, and in all there are eight pockets—

we are placed in this matter on a footing with men. Personally, I have always envied them their accessible pockets more than their seats in Parliament!

"I love the autumn and winter season; I love it because the clothes are so nice—the furs, and tweed and cloth suits." This is the sentiment of a very smart woman, and one that many others cordially endorse. Time was when furs were for the favourites of fortune only. Now we may all be favourites of the fickle dame in this respect. Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, have just issued a book called "The World's Furriers," which shows that they leave no one out in the cold. From luxurious peltry at hundreds of guineas the set, down to cosy and rich-looking opossum scarves and muffs, furs of all kinds are charmingly illustrated. The very latest fashions in furs are also clearly indicated. The book is well worth sending for, and will amply repay a careful study.

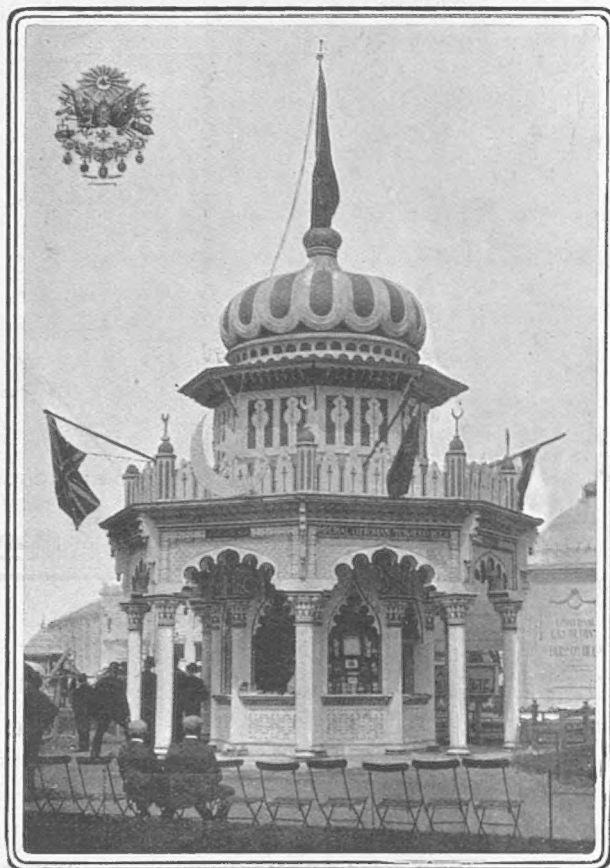
Four hundred and fifty closely printed pages of the further fortunes of Hermione Delarey! Readers of "The Call of the Blood" may be pardoned if they wonder how Mr. Robert Hichens could plan out a sequel of this portentous length, after working at the emotional high-pressure of the preceding novel. "A Spirit in Prison" (Hutchinson) vindicates his self-confidence: it is written with an unflagging ardour and intensity.

Hermione was, of course, fitted for survival, for the story of her life was only beginning when her bridegroom's violent death cut across it. The thread is picked up seventeen years later, when she and her beautiful daughter Vere are discovered living together on an island in the Bay of Naples. Vere has the creative gift that Hermione lacked, and Emile Artois, the writer, the family friend, will encourage the child to cherish it. Hermione had longed and tried to write years before, as a relief from her sorrow, and it had fallen to Artois to point out to her that she had failed. From a delicacy which seems to us excessive, he conceals Vere's flicker of inherited inspiration from her mother, and they hide the harmless little secret between them. This is surely a false note, and its artificiality, upon which follows a riot of mutual misunderstanding, sensibly disturbs the art of the ensuing chapters. Vere has a Neapolitan wooer, a young Marchese, who makes love unscrupulously, is rejected, and goes away in a whirlwind of furious accusation against Artois. Hermione hears and believes him, because her confidence has already been undermined by her discovery that friend and daughter have a hidden bond between them. Then follows the real tragedy, of which all these psychological thun-

derstorms are only the accompaniment. Maurice Delarey's intrigue with a daughter of the Sicilian soil from whence he sprang is not to lie buried in his grave: she has borne him a son, who resembles him in looks and temperament. The boy, Ruffo, comes to the island, and Hermione sees him and perceives the likeness to her dead husband. She does not comprehend its significance—then; but the time comes when she is struck down by it. Gaspare, her devoted servant, and Artois had tried to shield her from the truth, and unwittingly they had done her a great wrong, for they had imprisoned her spirit in deception, and so impaired the motion of her life. Mr. Hichens makes fine points, and, we may add, he labours them. But, for all that, "A Spirit in Prison" is a vivid novel.

Realising the educational value of the Franco-British Exhibition, many of our large firms in the provinces have arranged excursions for their workpeople. Last Saturday the employés and their families from Messrs. Elkington and Co.'s works at Birmingham visited the White City. They were conveyed in four special trains, and exceeded two thousand in number.

Among the prizes competed for at the Essex motor-boat races on Saturday last, the 19th inst., was a handsome challenge cup, presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and manufactured by J. W. Benson, Limited, of 62, Ludgate Hill. The cup, which is boldly designed in quite a modern style, constitutes a fine specimen of the silversmith's art.



A CENTRE OF INTEREST AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION:
THE KIOSK OF THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN TOBACCO RÉGIE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.

THE markets have been very irregular during the past week, and, despite the good Bank Return and the rather optimistic speech of the Governor at the half-yearly meeting, Consols and other Government stocks have been very weak, and continue to show no sign of any reasonable improvement. At well below 86, and with money cheap, we cannot help thinking Consols must be a reasonable speculation; but the public shows such a disinclination to look at any $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stocks that the House is in despair about the long-expected rise.

Our correspondent "Q," although not sending us any note this week, writes that, from information in his possession, he has little doubt that Taquah Exploration will go to £3½ or £4, and that the visit of the Chairman of the Santa Fé Land Company to the Argentine is likely to lead to important results. The price of the shares has improved to 46s. or 47s. since "Q" recommended their purchase, and he is anxious that shareholders should not be tempted to realise at present.

"TUBES."

The manner in which stocks of the Underground Railway Companies are reviving in public favour is a fine witness to the power of the Franco-British Exhibition. After being sunk in a limbo of something like despair, both Metropolitan Consolidated and Metropolitan District stocks have spurted in lively fashion, stimulated by the excellent takings which are the direct result of the Shepherd's Bush show. Metropolitan Consolidated at 37 we should consider to have more scope of steady improvement than Districts at 23½ points lower, but the latter carry the not inconsiderable advantage of being at a rubbish price, and therefore attractive to the fairly numerous class which loves such stuff. Central London Deferred at 50 looks cheaper than either of the stocks just mentioned. For 1907 the dividend was 2 per cent., and the traffics for the present year encourage a hope that the directors will be able to screw out another ½ per cent. without violating any principles of sound finance, while perhaps double that additional amount could be found. We do not suggest that, on merits, a Deferred stock paying $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is worth more than 50; but the speculative chances of a rise have to be taken into account, and these are worth the risking. City and South London at 32½ is very much ignored, and may easily have a twist up of a few points. We do not think it is a stock to be kept for long after a profit has accrued upon the purchase price.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

To get the Nineteen-days Account out of the way and decently buried—that is the desire of most of us in the House; and the return of business in the mid-October settlement is quite confidently expected. Very singular it is that these long accounts should manage to sustain their reputation, with so comparatively few exceptions of proving a nuisance and a check to business. You settle down at the beginning of one of them, if you are a broker or a jobber, and say to yourself, "Now, my boy, here's a chance to have a good account: Nineteen-days: no messing about with carry-over or settlement: nineteen clear days: won't I be busy!" that's what you say to yourself at the beginning. What you say at the end, not even the vernacular is elastic enough to express adequately.

However—

Wonderful stories are afloat with regard to what some of the Kaffir Companies are going to do next year. One of the tallest that I've heard so far is to the effect that the Modderfontein will pay 100 per cent. for 1908. Now, Modders are £4 shares, and the Company has an issued capital of £1,200,000. Profits have averaged about £21,000 per month over the past six months—say, £250,000 a year. Modderfontein, my friend, you will have to hurry up if you are going to turn out a profit of nearly five times as much next year. The East Rand Company is also to perform marvellous feats, if all is true. The Company has recently paid 4s. 6d., and anticipation fastens upon what the next payment will be—say, 5s. At 4½, the shares will yield 10 per cent. on the money, which is not a penny too much, in view of the wasting character of the East Rand properties.

If it does not bore you, it is rather interesting to notice the profits which some of the best-known mines are making. The August East Rand return, for instance, showed a profit of £95,286, which is at the rate of £1,143,432 per annum—a huge amount to keep up. The issued capital of the Company is about twice as much as this. Knights are turning out £17,000 profit a month, equal to £204,000 a year, and the capital is £425,000, all issued, the price of the shares being about 3½. The New Primrose, a brief-lived mine, has recently crossed the £16,000 mark—say, £192,000 a year on its capital of £325,000: the price of the shares is about 2½. The Nigel has an average monthly profit over the last half-year of £7,000, which is £84,000 a year, the Company's issued capital being £223,106, and the price of the shares 3½. Transvaal Gold-Mining Estates are making profits at the rate of £150,000 a year; the Company's issued capital is £604,225, and the price of the shares about 2½—the same as New Primrose.

These figures are given to show, with what clearness may be, the rate at which some of the Mining Companies are producing profits. Of course, many other things have to be taken into account in looking at Kaffirs as speculative investments. The life of a mine has a very direct bearing upon the price, and there are other points upon which advice should be taken before money is sunk in South Africans. One is frequently asked for the names of a few shares which pay dividends, and the prices of which may be reasonably expected to improve. As speculative investments—not as gambles—I think the following are all likely to turn out well—

Kleinfontein	Knights	Nigel
Rand Mines	Wolhuter	Langlaagte Estate

One is also asked pretty often for "tips." I don't give tips but for a gamble Boksburgs, at about 7s., ought to turn out well. The Company's ground is up against the East Rand property, and one of these fine days Boksburgs may go to half-a-sovereign on the strength of their vicinity to the Proprietary group. Paarl Centrals are another tip, on the idea that the concern may get absorbed in the Robinson Central Deep amalgamation scheme. Paarls have been down to about eighteenpence this year, whereas they stand at

7s. now, so it must be admitted that a certain amount of good news is already discounted. Roodeerands are yet a third tip, upon the reported discovery of blue ground. You couldn't sell the shares at a florin not so long ago, and now they are up to five-and-sixpence. I mention these last three shares merely as speculations, and as being fit receptacles for money that a man or woman doesn't mind greatly whether it be doubled or lost.

Plenty of time remains for the American Market to go through all kinds of vagaries before the Presidential Election actually takes place. It is difficult to believe that the boom in Yankees is entirely done, but all the same the appearances, to my mind, point a danger-signal along the path of the bull-track. Better now to job them as a bear than as a bull. A keen and impartial critic of United States politics, a man in a position to receive exceptionally correct information, told me the other day that Mr. Bryan has more than an off-chance of being returned. With the mere prospect of such an event, who would be a bull of Yankees? But the investor who buys now is very likely to come out handsomely to the good after the election is all over. On merits, there is no getting away from the not-good traffics, the quietude of trade in the United States, the restlessness of labour, the drawing near of the days when short-term Notes become due. Not nice things, these, to contemplate if you are a bull of Yankees.

Ever tried, have you, to write side by side with raging neuralgia? Curious, isn't it, how the lines of writing dance into each other as you angrily shake the mist of sheer torment out of your eyes and start fresh every now and again. If you have never tried it, and desire further particulars—supplied at a purely nominal charge—pray address your inquiry to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE GWALIA CONSOLIDATED.

We have advised so many correspondents at different times to purchase Gwalia Consolidated shares at from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. each that a word about the present position of the Company and the rise in the price of shares appears the best way of satisfying the curiosity of many holders.

The Company always had a large body of comparatively low-grade ore of an average value of about 35s. a ton; but for some time it possessed only a rattletrap ten-head battery and no means of raising the money to purchase a proper plant. About eighteen months ago, by a deal with a Company in liquidation whose mine had proved a failure, an almost new twenty-head of stamps and other machinery was acquired, removed, and erected on the Gwalia property; but, unfortunately, the cyanide plant so acquired was defective and insufficient, with the result that, for the last year, about 5000 tons of ore a month has been treated, with an extraction of only about 57 per cent. To remedy this a completely up-to-date cyanide plant was required, and the Company, by a sale in July, having disposed of its 70,000 unissued shares, has been able to purchase the very best and latest appliances, which are now in course of erection on the mine. When complete—say by next Christmas—it is expected that an extraction of 85 per cent. will be obtained and a profit of £2500 or £3000 a month realised.

Above the 100-foot level (below which no work has been done) the manager reports that there are at least 100,000 tons of 36s. ore available, and, to prevent all the profits being absorbed in capital development, arrangements have just been made to increase the capital from £75,000 to £100,000, and to provide from £25,000 to £30,000, which will be expended on opening the ore bodies to a depth of at least 300 ft., and increasing the reduction plant. The Company's difficulties have hitherto always been of a financial character, because every development and all machinery had to be paid for out of profits; but, by the arrangements made within the last few months, capital sufficient for the necessities of the Company has been secured, and the market price of the shares has in consequence risen to over 4s. Patience and hard work are still needed to place the Gwalia Consolidated in the dividend-paying list, but that this will be done within twelve months we have little doubt. The shares are of the nominal value of 2s. 6d. each, and at the present price the property is only valued at a trifle over £120,000.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NALINEH.—(1) See this week's Notes. Hold for five or six shillings, and then sell enough to have the balance for nothing. We believe the shares will steadily go to 10s. There cannot be a dividend until about next June. (2) We hear good accounts of the Rubber Company, but have no particular knowledge.

MONTE.—Knights, Nigels, and Rand Mines would be our fancies.

E. J. MINER, and O. P. Q.—See this week's Notes and answer to "Nalineh."

A. H.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst.

SOUTHERN.—Your letter was answered by post on Sept. 18.

HEDER.—We think you might buy more, to average, in Rosarios, Colorados and Liverpools, which appeal to us in the order named.

R. L.—You were not overcharged. The rate has been very stiff for several accounts past. Newspaper figures are mostly unreliable. It is common for brokers to charge their clients ½ or 1 per cent. more than they themselves pay; even so, there is not much profit in it.

GLEVUM.—Both Companies are respectable and solid, but only those inside the management can say as to prospects of improvement.

BAGATELLE.—We are making inquiries as to cause of present low price.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor, the following may go close: Royal Borough Handicap, Maya; Merry Wives Nursery, Dinder; Queen Anne's Welter, Ardeer; September Handicap, Kuroki; Ivor Nursery, Peterloo; Frogmore Welter, Glös. At Newbury the Autumn Cup may be won by Mrs. Lyons, and I like the following: Manton Nursery, Parga; Long-Distance Handicap, Bed of Stone; Kingsclere Stakes, Llangwm; Highclere Nursery, Telbedde; Lambourne Welter, Acclaim; Whatcombe Handicap, Maupas.

AN INVENTION IN SCOUTING.

BY ROGER POCOCK.

IN British campaigns it has been noticed that the savages have managed to send news at a speed greater than that of the telegraph. Little fires were lighted upon the hills, making a column of smoke by day, a blaze by night; and by means of a blanket, shutting off the fire or turning it loose, code messages were flashed from hill to hill, warning a whole population that our soldiers were coming. Signs, too, have been noticed by the wayside: a dry stick pointing out of a bush, a green twig lying on the trail, or little heaps of stones, only to be noticed if one watched closely, have been left as a message for those who knew how to read. The Red Indian approaching a hostile camp would lift his hand above his head, palm forward, as a sign of peace, or he would fork out two fingers as though they came from his mouth like the darting tongue of a snake, as a sign which meant lying or treachery. The gipsies have their road-signs by the wayside; the tramps use chalk-marks to say which houses are liberal or where the dog is dangerous. As to our maps, they are covered all over with ciphers, familiar to everybody, to indicate hills, streams, hamlets, villages, cities, roads, and all the varied features of the landscape. To this the military map-writer adds his own series of ciphers, for troops, camps, defences, and all things else of interest to soldiers in the field. So there is already in existence a language of signs, just like the sign-writings of the Chinese and the old Egyptians.

Quite apart from its main purpose of providing handy men for odd jobs in warfare, the Legion of Frontiersmen is a school of thought, very busy applying civilian ideas to military uses. The Kent Troop of the London Command, for example, has been at work for many months, in what seems to be an entirely new field of experiment, constructing a language of signs derived from the map-makers, the gipsies and savage tribes all over the world. There are few countries where members of this little group of men have not worked and fought. They are practical men, too, and they have made their signs so simple that anybody can write them, and, after ten minutes' instruction, anybody can read them without the slightest trouble. The signs are so obvious that there is no need for secrecy, enemies and friends alike being able to read and write them with equal ease. But they are also readily altered for the day's work by providing that the sign for "sheep" shall read "cavalry," or that the "forage" sign means "guns." Then anybody not in the secret will be sorely puzzled to know what the ciphers mean.

The Kentish road-signs may be used by scouts, and will make the work of scouts in war much simpler and easier than under the

old conditions. The scout is an Intelligence officer, a field detective, the Sherlock Holmes of war. He has been trained from childhood in the knowledge of country, has lived with nature, and learned to understand the tracks of animals and men, the habits of birds and beasts, and the art of taking cover and remaining motionless, as he is then less visible than when in motion. His duty is to find out for his General where the enemy is, his state of health, and what he is up to. He must also know the country in front of his own expedition, what supplies can be had, how the rivers can be crossed, where the guns should be hidden, the infantry ambushed, and if the cavalry can get round the enemy's flank. All this he must tell briefly and correctly to his General Officer Commanding, and on his information depends the safety and success of the expedition. Besides this master scout, there are scouts in front of all advancing columns, to keep the column commanders well informed. And, behind these again, are the ground scouts, carefully picked men, well trained for the service, who warn their regiments of any danger along the line of march. We are thinking mainly, however, of the advanced scouts, who ought to be Frontiersmen.

The more these gentlemen know of country and wild life, the less they have been to school, and scouts, as a rule, are not the literary persons who can write good despatches. They would more easily write in signs than in ordinary script, expressing themselves more clearly, telling the facts with swifter brevity. And a scout doing detective work in an enemy's presence, sometimes within the enemy's lines, has little time to spare, and very few chances, to go and report to his General, leaving behind his work of getting more information. Neither does he want a mob of despatch-riders galloping about the country, to attract the enemy's attention. Hitherto, half the scout's time and most of his great opportunities have been wasted because he has had to carry despatches instead of waiting to complete his information. Such is the origin of the Kentish road-signs—a simple expedient to avert delay in the work of the scouts. At a spot where it would be readily seen by the assistant who rides with the officer commanding, the scout places a sign. The assistant, knowing where to look, finds a hidden slip of paper, which he interprets to the officer commanding. The signs are arranged as in a rough map, giving clear and complete information on everything which the scout has discovered up to the moment of writing.

Within a year or two, the commands of the Legion scattered throughout the Empire will be able to test for all climates and conditions the practical use of this invention, and there is every hope that it will be found of real use to his Majesty's forces in the next campaign.

RESTORING A LOST HUMAN SENSE.

A Scientific Miracle.

INSTRUMENT THAT DOES THE WORK OF THE EAR AND ENABLES
THE DEAF TO HEAR.

Hundreds of world-famous scientists are watching the signs of what they hopefully believe to be the evolutionary addition of a sixth sense to man's sensory equipment.

As readers well know, man at present enjoys the use of five, viz.:

SIGHT, HEARING, FEELING, TASTE, & SMELL.

Mental scientists are divided in opinion as to the exact character of the sixth sense they believe to be in process of development in man. The new sense is in much the same position as the future chicken in the egg. No one can tell before the hatching whether the bird will be black, brown, or white.

Science, however, has already accomplished a miracle in the direction of restoring power to a sense that, in a regrettably large number of people, is defective or deficient. The reference is to the sense of hearing.

Verily, those with ears that hear not may now, by the aid of science's latest contribution to the service of mankind, have them rendered almost as faithful in their service as may be the other sensory organs of the individual.

Imagine, if you can, an instrument so meticulously sensitive to sound as to make the faintest whisper (like unto) the clear-cut declaration of a powerful orator. Tear a piece of tissue paper as gently as you please, this wonderful instrument magnifies the sound so that it would appear to the person of average hearing as if a sheet of block tin were being rent in twain.

Indeed, there is scarcely any limit to the magnification of sound by this new acoustical discovery. It is well known that every living or moving thing gives forth sounds. The flick of a butterfly's wing, for instance, is inaudible to the human ear, though one may imagine a butterfly anxiously listening for the wing-beats of its mate. Think not, too, that the gentlest sign of a butterfly in love is inaudible to the object of its affections.

No, the human ear has a limited compass, just as the human eye fails to see with the telescopic power of the eagle's organ of vision.

And be it noted, most ears afflicted with deafness and defective power will, by the aid of the "Acousticon," be able to hear sounds, speech, and song almost as well as ordinary ears.

Extraordinarily interesting demonstrations of the "Acousticon" are being given daily from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the addresses given

below of the company now engaged in manufacturing and supplying the invention to the public.

These demonstrations show how dulled and deadened ears may be attuned afresh to all the galaxy of sounds that go to make up the music of life. The universal orchestra again sounds forth its strains to ears that need no longer strain in vain to hear them.

It is, however, principally as an undeniably handy pocket sound-collector and magnifier that the "Acousticon" will appeal to those who need its help.

Armed with this instrument the mother may listen to the pretty prattlings of the baby, the professional or commercial man to the affairs of his business, the pupil to the instructions of his or her mentor.

The "Acousticon" is well described as "The Artificial Ear," for, like its natural prototype, it is a sound-recording instrument for the brain, mind, and soul of the user. It is almost automatically adjustable, so that sounds of all kinds are rendered harmoniously clear. It listens for, collects, and automatically transposes into sounds, vibrations attuned to the user's own particular aural capacity the many different forms of sound heard by the ordinary healthy ear.

It is in respect of this human aural adaptability that the "Acousticon" is deserving of its description as "A Scientific Marvel."

To invent an instrument that would simply magnify sound would have been an easy matter. But to be capable of lending aid to deaf or defective ears called for the invention of an instrument that should automatically modify loud and soft sounds—sounds so qualitatively varying in the speed of their vibrations as the shrill shriek of the locomotive whistle and the deep-toned boom of "Big Ben," as well as sounds so quantitatively different as, say, the crash of heaven's thunder and the unobtrusive chirrup of a cricket on the hearth.

The ear, of course, collects and transforms sounds according to a vibrative capacity of its own mechanism. The "Acousticon" acts scientifically in the same way. It is a collection and adoption of sound. It so adapts sounds of all kinds as to render them transmissible to the inner ear of the mind of the user.

The almost human way in which the "Acousticon" performs its mission is made plain at the public demonstrations already mentioned; but readers unable to attend a demonstration just now are invited to read a book giving details at much greater length than it is possible to publish in these columns. This matter, too, is illustrated in a manner which helps very much to make perfectly clear the way in which the "Acousticon" acts as a splendid artificial ear for the deaf and hard of hearing. Copies of this book will be posted free to readers desirous of learning more about the "Acousticon."

It may be added that the "Acousticon" is already in use by some of the highest personages in the land who formerly had to resign themselves to "the silent life." Most extraordinarily gratifying and indisputable evidence of the high appreciation in which the "Acousticon" is held is shown to callers at the offices of the Company, at 20, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.; 119, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.; 29, County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester; and 39, Swain Street, Bradford.